









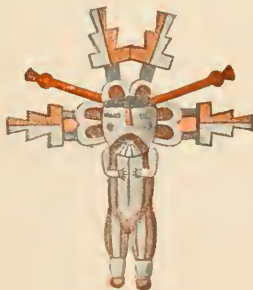


KWAHU

THE HOPI INDIAN BOY

BY
GEORGE NEWELL MORAN

*With twelve illustrations
by Eliza Curtis and numerous pictures
of objects in the Bureau of American
Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution
Washington, D. C.*



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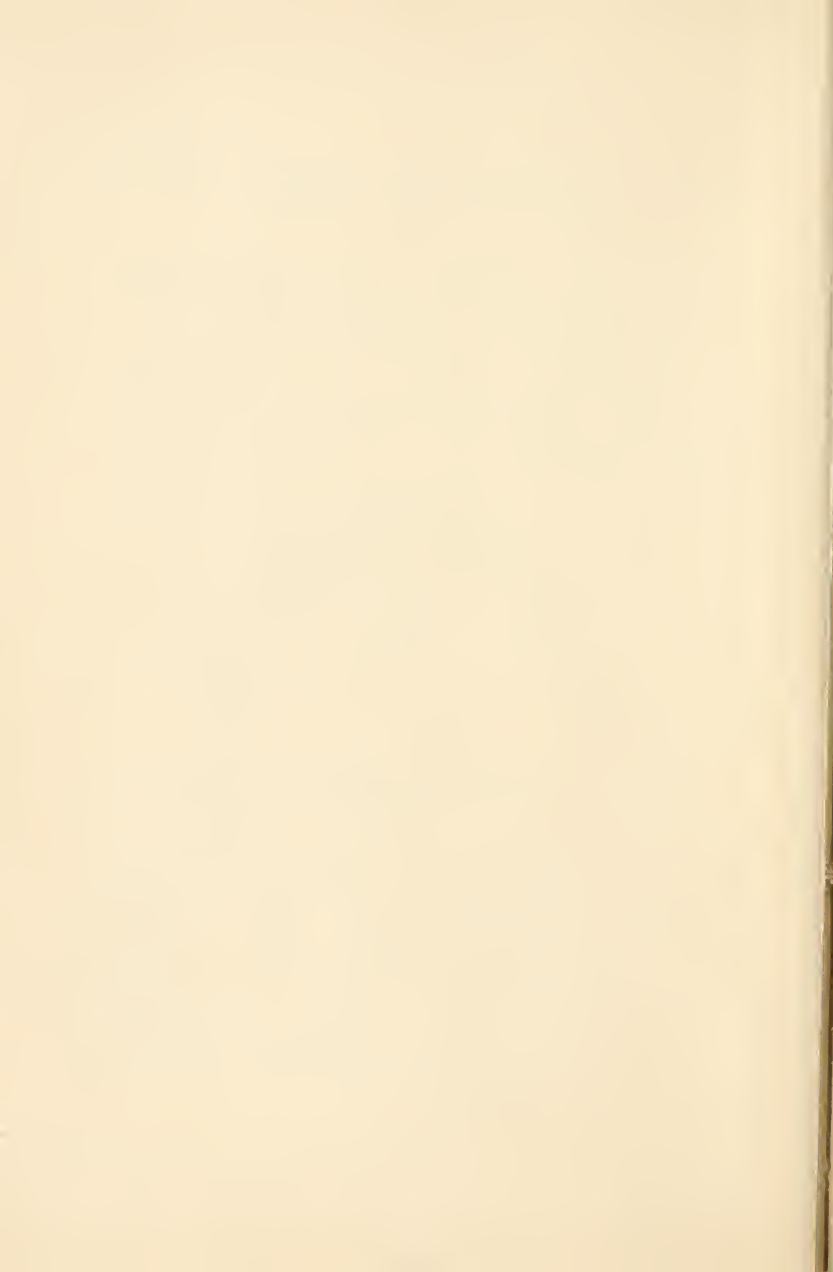
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KWAHU
W. P. I

PREFATORY NOTE

THIS account of Kwahu the Hopi Indian Boy is to be regarded as something more than a story. It is a true portrayal, so far as modern ethnological research has disclosed, of life and manners in a very ancient American community before the coming of white men. It is believed that its underlying educative value, no less than its inherent interest, will insure it a hearty welcome in the elementary grades of the public schools.

The book was read in manuscript and edited for accuracy by Dr. Frederick W. Hodge, director of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. The introduction was written by Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes, of the same institution. To both these gentlemen, the author's thanks are herewith gratefully and sincerely extended.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	9

PART I. CHILDHOOD

I. A BABY IS NAMED	19
II. IN MISCHIEF	28
III. THE TRADERS	37
IV. PLAYING WAR	45
V. KWAHU MADE LEADER	54
VI. BULI THE BUTTERFLY AND KWWE	63
VII. THE SACRED SIPAPU	72
VIII. AN ADVENTURE WITH KWWE	85
IX. THE FAMINE	91
X. THE HUNTED AND THE HUNTERS	103
XI. HOME AGAIN	119

PART II. YOUTH

XII. KWAHU TELLS TABO A SECRET	125
XIII. THE WÜWÜTCIMTI	135
XIV. IN AWATOBI	144
XV. THE WEDDING	157
XVI. BUILDING THE BRIDE'S HOUSE	171

	PAGE
XVII. THE TELLING OF TALES	180
XVIII. UNREST AND DANGER	194
XIX. A BATTLE AT WALPI	208
XX. AN INDIAN REVENGE	225
XXI. HAPPY	234

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FULL-PAGE PICTURES BY ELIZA CURTIS

	PAGE
"A Signal from Kokop announced its Rising" . . .	24
"A Chorus of Cries from the Babies filled the Air" . . .	29
"The Women were getting ready for the Trading" . . .	40
"His Body . . . seemed to hang in Mid Air" . . .	56
"She crawled down backwards to the Bottom" . . .	65
"He looked steadily at the Ferocious Animal" . . .	89
"An Indian Girl, sitting on the Ground" . . .	97
"Perched on a Boulder, he spent Hours in this Way" . . .	127
"He knew that he had received his Answer" . . .	155
"There, in the Big Vessel, was the Blue-Corn Maiden" . . .	189
"They saw the Arrow strike its Mark" . . .	210
"And thus all the Men of Sikyatki perished" . . .	231

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HOPI INDIAN HANDIWORK

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

Prayer Plumes	18
Walpi Water Jugs	19, 32
Walpi Basins and Bowls	20, 143, 159
Walpi Bowl with Handle	21
Walpi Musical Instrument	25
Walpi Baskets	25, 32, 33, 39, 96, 103, 135, 149
Hopi Indian Bone Needles	27, 35
Walpi Water Vases	28, 37, 84
Meal Baskets from Walpi	34, 36
Wooden Instruments from Walpi	35, 142
Wristlets from Walpi	39
Walpi Ladles	41, 135, 179

	PAGE
Zuñi Water Bottle	41
Squirrel Sticks from Walpi	45
Hopi Indian Prayer Sticks	49, 53
Zuñi Clay Pitcher	54
Zuñi Bird Effigies	61
Medicine Boxes from Sikyatki	62, 173
Clay Images from Zuñi	63
Zuñi Mortar and Stone	64
Pigment Pots from Sikyatki	66
Water Vase from Zuñi	70
Headdress from Walpi	71
Sacred Effigies from Walpi	72, 82
Clay Statuettes from Walpi	84
Clay Figures from Laguna	91
Zuñi Eating Bowls	102, 134
Walpi Water Jars	103, 207
Walpi Dance Ornaments	118, 139, 208, 224
Zuñi Cooking Vessels	119
Bone Instrument from Walpi	121
Dance Rattles from Walpi	125, 137, 237
Stone Axes from Zuñi	128
Vases from Sikyatki	135, 144
Necklace from Walpi	157
Walpi Floor Mat	180
Hopi Indian Basket	194
Moccasin of Hopi Indian	196
Clay Vessel from Walpi	224

INTRODUCTION

THE Hopi Indians live in the northeastern part of Arizona. They are called pueblo or village Indians because, instead of having wigwams or tipis, they live in composite stone houses.

The first mention of the Hopi in history, as far as known, appears in Spanish records. In the year 1540, Coronado, an official of New Spain (now Mexico), having arrived at Cibola (Zuñi), sent a number of his soldiers under command of Pedro de Tovar, with a Catholic priest, to the northwest in search of other villages with treasures. Tovar did not find riches, but he did discover the pueblos now known as Hopi.

Kwahu is supposed to have lived shortly before the coming of Coronado to Zuñi. While he is only an imaginary boy, the story attempts to give, as far as possible, a true account of the

Hopi Indian life of the time. Brave little Kwahu is as worthy of a place in our hearts as Cinderella, Robin Hood, and our other story friends.

The records tell us that the Spaniards found four Hopi villages in 1583. One of these, Oraibi by name, still remains approximately where it then was, while the ruins of Walpi, where Kwahu is supposed to have lived, may be seen in the foothills below the present site.

Ruins of several of the other pueblos ascribed to Hopi clans have been discovered in recent years. Some of them are near where the Hopi now live, others are far away. Pueblo ruins are found as far north as the Rio Colorado, and as far west as Flagstaff, Arizona. They occur as far south as the Verde Valley, and the Tonto Basin, and their eastern extension is the Rio Grande, in New Mexico. The pottery of the ancient Hopi pueblos near Walpi is the finest in texture and decoration found north of Mexico, and much of it has been dug up in several of these old villages.

Arizona has, in various localities, high, rocky tablelands called "mesas." It was on top of these mesas that some of the ancient pueblos were built. The groups of buildings were several stories high. There were many rooms, all of them small, — probably because wood for timbers was scarce.

The houses were arranged like terraces. The roofs of the lowest row served as front yards for the houses above. The roofs of these were the front yards of the houses above, and so on. The lower stories had no lateral doors. The people climbed in and out through a hole in the roof, by means of ladders. The upper houses were, and still are, reached by ladders or by steps built against the outside walls and resting on the roofs of the houses below.

The fireplaces were shallow boxes in the corners, or pits in the middle of the floor. In the latter case, the smoke worked out through the hole in the roof. The floors were paved with stone or plastered with adobe mud.

The group of houses forming a Hopi pueblo was oblong, square with a central court, or arranged in rows. The shape was modified by the form of the mesa on top of which the houses were built, or by the configuration of the foothills.

Hopi is a short form of the word Hopitú. It means "peaceful ones." The full Indian name of the tribe is Hopitú Shinumù, or "peaceful all people."

The Hopi have always been peaceful, although brave. If unfriendly tribes attacked their homes or destroyed their scant crops, they would fight for their rights. They have, however, never sought trouble with other tribes, nor fought unless compelled to do so.

The Spaniards estimated that the Hopi Indians numbered about 50,000, which was probably too large. At the present time there are less than 2000 in all.

As we see them to-day, the Hopi are rather short, but they are muscular and quick-motioned. They have reddish brown skin, high cheek bones,

slanting, dark eyes, and straight, broad noses. Their mouths are large, but with a gentle expression. When babies, they are fastened to cradle boards, consequently the lower back part of the head is somewhat flattened.

Usually the hair is straight and black. Sometimes it is brownish, and often it is wavy. Most of the men wear their hair "banged" in front, or cut in "terraces" on each side. The long hair behind is gathered into short braids and tied at the neck.

The married women wear their hair in two coils which hang down on the shoulders. The young girls dress their hair in whorls at the sides of the head. The whorls are made to imitate the squash blossom. When they marry, they change the arrangement to coils like their mothers'. They usually marry when quite young.

The Hopi have considerable artistic taste, are hard workers and good farmers. They have become keen at making a bargain. They are

a happy, hospitable people, fond of fun and practical jokes. They seldom forget a kindness. They believe in bogies, wizards, and witches, and they have great faith in good and bad signs. They rarely steal, and they condemn lying. Murder is unknown. The children are respectful and obedient, and never punished by their parents. The governing body of the Hopi is a council of clan elders and chiefs of religious societies. There is a village chief, a speaker chief, and a war chief; but there has never been a supreme chief of all the Hopi pueblos. There seems to be no punishment for any crime but witchcraft, to which almost any great crime can be charged by these people. No punishment of a witch or wizard is known to have been inflicted in Walpi in recent years, but stories are told of how, in earlier times, persons disappeared mysteriously or were killed when accused of witchcraft. In Kwahu's day, this was very likely not uncommon.

Beautiful folklore stories are told among the

Hopi. These have come down from the olden times, by word of mouth from mother to daughter, and from father to son. They believe in many beings with magic power superior to men. Their songs and prayers to these supernatural beings are very beautiful. They believe in a life after death in an underworld, but not in a future punishment.

The Hopis show great skill in weaving and dyeing their baskets and their embroidered blankets, belts, and kilts. Their weaving is beautiful and of many kinds. The pottery is fair though not so fine nor so well painted as that made by their ancestors. They make very peculiar masks and other articles from hides, to be worn during their many religious dances and ceremonies. They carve and paint dolls, dressing them with cloth and bright feathers. They manufacture mechanical toys of considerable ingenuity for use in their dramatic entertainments. Some of these toys, imitations of birds and animals, are wonderfully lifelike.

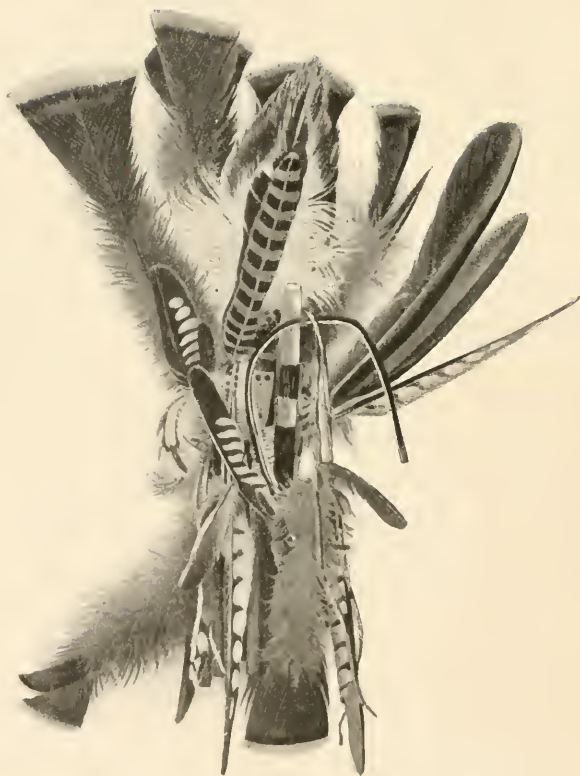
The Hopi knew nothing of horses, sheep, or iron implements before the advent of the Spaniards in 1540.

In the year 1880, Mr. William Keam and his brother, Thomas V. Keam, opened a trading store and sold American goods to the Hopi, which led to great changes among them.

Most of the Hopi now have doors and glass windows in their houses. They use wagons, stoves, matches, and lamps. They dress in factory-made calico. They buy sugar, flour, and coffee from American traders. The money obtained for trinkets, pottery, baskets, and blankets, which they sell to tourists, supplies them with many other comforts.

A large number of Hopi families have left the pueblos on the lofty mesas and have settled among the foothills. There are schools at Keam's Canyon and at each mesa. The children are taught to speak and read English, and the Hopi Indians are fast learning to live as do civilized Americans.

PART I
CHILDHOOD



PRAYER PLUMES

KWAHU

CHAPTER I

A BABY IS NAMED

It was an hour before sunrise of a solemn and important day. In the Hopi Indian village of Walpi, situated high above the desert on top of a rocky mesa, or plateau, all the people were astir. The baby son of the great chief was to be named. The men, the women, some of them carrying babies on their backs, and the children, all were gathered where they could look down upon the big open space before them. This space was a great court in the middle of a group of stone buildings, many stories high, in which all the people of the village lived. There, in the center of a wide circle of friends and neighbors, the sacred birth fire was burning brightly. Its flickering flames cast



strange spots of light upon the bronze faces and naked bodies of the assembled Indians.

In the home of Kokop, the chief, his mother was busily preparing the baby for the naming ceremony. All through the previous night Yuna, the baby's mother, had sat sleepless beside its crude cradle, guarding it; but now the godmother took full charge. At the first sign of light in the east she took



a bowl filled with finely ground cornmeal, and with the cornmeal drew four parallel lines on each wall of the house, first on the north wall, then on the west, the south, and the east walls, and finally on the ceiling and the floor. This was "building a house" for the baby. Next, she placed a feather from the breast of an eagle upon the lines she had made on the floor, and on this feather she placed a bowl filled with a suds made of yucca roots.

The baby's mother knelt beside the bowl with her long, straight, black hair falling into the suds. The godmother took an ear of corn, dipped it in the suds, and



touched the mother's head with the end of the ear. This she repeated four times. Then all the female relatives of the baby's father did the same thing, even to the smallest girl. While the other women stood in a circle around her, the godmother then washed the head of Yuna in the yucca suds and bathed her legs and arms with an ointment made by boiling juniper boughs.

The mother remained kneeling while another earthen bowl was placed before her. Into this second bowl a number of hot stones were placed. The godmother first wrapped a blanket around Yuna, entirely enveloping her, after which she poured upon the hot stones a quantity of the juniper ointment. A dense steam was thus produced which entirely hid Yuna from the view of the silent, watching relatives. The purification of the mother was completed.



The head of the baby was next washed with the same ceremony as that used upon the mother. A prayer of thanks was repeated for the new life given

to them, and another prayer was offered for the future of the child. Then the entire little body, except the head, was rubbed with warm ashes mixed with water. Next, it was wrapped in a piece of coarse cotton cloth and strapped to a narrow board so that he would be sure to grow up straight and strong.

The baby was now ready for the naming ceremony. All waited silently for a signal from Kokop, who was sitting on the top of a house opposite the doorway of his home and watching for the rising of the sun.

At length the glow of the sun showed on the distant eastern horizon. A signal from Kokop announced its rising.

Old Acmo, Keeper of the Sacred Well, and one of the wise men of the village, stepped from the circle of Indians, and, facing the east, said :

“The eyes of a child are not strong. It is well that a fire should light the dim trail at the start. Four days has this sacred pile burned that there might be no dark places. Let now a name be given.”

As old Acmo ceased speaking, the mother walked slowly from her doorway, scattering sacred meal in

a straight line to show the way the child should walk to please the gods. She went to where the fire burned and scattered its embers in all directions to drive away evil spirits. Then she reëntered her house, and immediately the godmother stepped out, carrying the child upon its board. She held it low over the straight lines of sacred meal that she had scattered, its head directed forward. She placed the infant where the fire had been, made a circle around him with sacred meal to protect him, held what was left of her handful of meal to the infant mouth, and then threw the meal in the direction of the rising sun. Yuna, who had followed the godmother, also bearing a handful of meal, said a short prayer over her meal and cast it also in the direction of the sun. Then both women stepped aside.

Next came a strange and hideous procession of Indians, wearing the heads and skins of the creatures of the mountains and of the desert that the boy would hunt when he grew up. Suddenly, as they circled around the child, they started a terrible din, imitating the growls and calls of animals and



"A SIGNAL FROM KOKOP ANNOUNCED ITS RISING"

birds, while the others added to the uproar by shaking huge rattles made of gourds containing quartz crystals.

The medicine man then stepped to the center of the circle, and the noise ceased.

He lighted a great pipe and



blew whiffs of smoke to the north, the west, the south, the east, straight up in the air, and then towards the earth. This he did to make sure of the good will of the Spirits of the Sky and Those



Above that made the thunder, the lightning, the clouds, and the rain, and controlled the sun, the moon, and the stars.

Through all the deafening noise, the infant lay blinking in the sun, his little red face screwed up in queer wrinkles and his fists doubled up tightly. He did not cry and was not at all disturbed by the strange proceedings. His large, round, black eyes seemed to stare at something in the sky. The Indians looked up, and there, directly above where the child lay, a giant eagle was slowly circling.

“It is a good omen,” said old Acmo. “The eagle is a mighty bird. See, it comes to greet its brother ! The boy will be great chief !”

The boy was named Kwahu, which means Eagle.

Later in the day all his relations gathered at the home of the chief to partake of a feast. Each matron and maiden among the relations made a present of a small blanket to the baby.

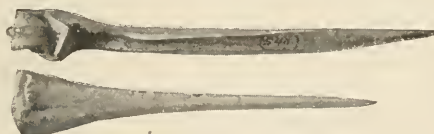
Five months later, Kwahu was unstrapped from his board. He learned to walk before a year had passed, while other children of his age were still crawling.

One day, when he was just past three, he toddled into the room where a council was being held. In his right hand he tightly clutched a small, live snake.

“See !” said old Acmo. “I have said Kwahu will be great chief. Look ! He is not afraid !”

Kwahu grew rapidly in size and strength. When he had reached his fifth year he could outrun all the other boys of his age, and he had learned to shoot straight with a bow and arrow.

The men frequently talked about him when he was out of hearing. They marveled at his wise little sayings; they remembered the prophecy of old Acmo, and predicted that Kwahu when he grew to manhood would be a great, wise, and good chief.





CHAPTER II

IN MISCHIEF



OLD Acmo and Kokop sat in the shade smoking. The women were at work in the central open spaces of the village. Several boards, to each of which a baby was strapped, had been placed in a group against the side of a house, out of the way but not out of sight of the mothers. Many little children were playing on the ground near the two men; and at one side, Kwahu and several other boys of about seven years were lazily watching a number of girls who were crushing minerals and grinding and pounding lumps of different colored clay or bowls of berries. From these materials their mothers would later make the paints used in decorat-



"A CHORUS OF CRIES FROM THE BABIES FILLED THE AIR"

ing bowls, jars, and bottles, and in dyeing the cotton cloth which the men had woven.

"The boy Kwahu grows rapidly, straight in mind and straight in body," said old Acmo, "and the thoughts that he speaks are good."

"I want him to grow up," said Kokop, thoughtfully, "so that when I no longer walk the earth and am numbered among the Lost Others, he may take my place as chief and lead his people with bravery, kindness, and wisdom. He must learn to be unselfish, so that he will be welcome at the camp fires of the friendly."

"He has much mischief in his ways," said Acmo, "but he does no harm."

Just then a chorus of cries from the babies filled the air. The two men looked towards them and saw Kwahu daubing their faces with paint. At the same instant, several of the women started to the rescue of their infants; but they were not quick enough to catch Kwahu, who, after daubing the last baby, darted away to safety.

Later in the day, when Kwahu returned to the house, he found it filled with women. They were

the friends of his mother, Yuna, and were helping her to get ready for some traders who were expected from another tribe. A runner, coming in advance, had announced that they would arrive before many suns had set. The coming of traders from an outside tribe was a rare event, and all the people in the village were accordingly much excited.

Yuna was busy weaving a basket of split yucca leaves. These baskets were so closely woven that they would hold water, and the leaf strips did not have to be dyed, but were left the yellowish brown natural color.

The runner sat eating his meal. Kwahu seated himself close beside him and asked him many questions.

“Do you come from far away?” he asked.

The runner was a boy about twice the age of Kwahu, strong, clear-eyed, and good-natured. He had been born in Hopiland; but when he was still a child, his parents had been killed in a Ute raid, and the Utes had stolen him. Later, he made his escape from the Utes and had wandered a long distance into an unknown country, where he had been found by some strange Indians and adopted into their

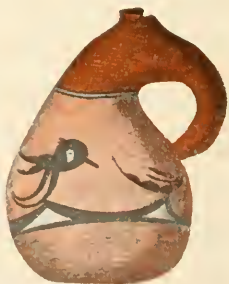
tribe. He had learned their language while not forgetting his own — a rare thing among Indians, for they are seldom able to understand the language of another tribe, their accomplishments in this direction being limited to a few trade words of some tribe to which they are distantly related or with which they



came in constant contact.

It was the first time that this boy had served as a courier for his tribe. He was to remain in Walpi till the arrival of the traders and act as their interpreter. He was very proud of having been chosen for this service, and was quite willing to talk about his journey.

“I have come many days’ journey,” he said to Kwahu, “from the land of the setting sun, where the rivers are deep and broad, and where the great sea stretches farther than the eye can reach. I have come across mighty mountains where the snow man-



tle rests on the peaks even after the corn is green in the valleys below. And I have come through great forests where the trees are so high that it strains the eye to behold the topmost leaves."

Kwahu's mind was filled with wonder.

"Why do your people come so far to trade?" he asked.

"It is because the people in Hopiland make many things which we have not and cannot make," answered the runner. "It is wise then that our traders come hither, for we also have some articles that you have not."

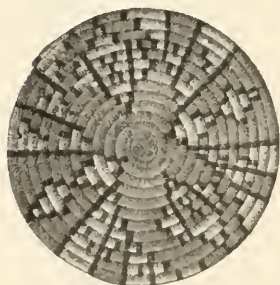
Kwahu thought more of the honor of being selected as a runner than of the trading that the young courier announced.

"I shall some day be a runner," he said to the boy from the other tribe.

"You are the son of a chief," the runner answered; "and when your years are more, you will no doubt be a runner. When that time comes I shall have my own tipi; and I wish now that if you journey into my country, you will come to my tipi and smoke with me."



For several days the men, women, and girls of the village were very busy making things for the day of trading. Kwahu learned a great deal about the things that were made in his tribe and the way in which they were made. He watched the girls knead the soft clay which the women afterwards molded by hand into different-shaped bowls, jars,



and other vessels. After the vessels were molded, he saw the women rub off the rough places with smoothing stones and then carry them to the sunny places where they were left until they be-

came thoroughly dry and hard. He noticed that some of the bowls and jars thus made were used in the household for cooking or storage, and these had smooth edges. Other vessels were used in the various religious ceremonies of the tribe, and these had edges that were terraced to represent the clouds.

He watched his mother as she was making paint from the minerals and colored clay which the girls had ground; and he learned that on the vessels to

be used for food beautiful devices in black, red, and orange were being painted, while on the vessels to be used in religious ceremonies strange figures were drawn of gods and stars, and mystic symbols that he could not understand.

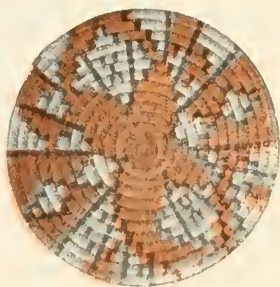
In the evening, when the other women had gone home, Kwahu sat by his mother and saw her spin the cotton which was grown in small quantities in the field near where the corn was planted. She

made a long, thin stick revolve by rubbing it on her thigh while she held the raw cotton in the other hand, and he marveled as the mass of white fibers was turned into long threads and wound around the revolving stick. It seemed like magic to him, and later he saw his father weave these threads or yarn into blankets and pieces of cloth. The weaving was done with bone needles on a loom made of cedar boughs, stripped of bark. Some of the cotton yarn used was white, some was dyed



brown, some was red, and some was yellow. A separate needle was used for each color, and as the weaving progressed, strange designs appeared in the blankets.

Kwahu was so tired on the night before the traders were to arrive that he fell asleep before the Spirits of the Sky had put the moon and the stars in the heavens to watch for the return of the sun.





CHAPTER III

THE TRADERS

KWAHU was awakened in the morning by hearing the song of the maidens as they ground corn into meal. He hastened to the doorway, rubbing his eyes, and listening to the last high notes that told of the triumph of the rising sun over the mist and the darkness.

The song had scarcely ended when Kwahu heard a shrill call like that of a hawk; it was repeated three times, and then, after a short pause, twice again. It was the signal by which the long-expected traders announced their approach to the village. He hurried with Tabo, who was his closest friend, to the side of the mesa, where the strangers were climbing slowly up the steep trail.

The first to reach the top was Ho-na-ni, a chief, who was followed by his wife, carrying on her shoulders a large package wrapped in deerskins. Behind

these came many others, the men followed by women carrying in various ways the things that they had brought to trade.

Kokop and old Acmo, the medicine man, together with other Hopi warriors, met them. They led the visiting Indians to one of the large kivas, or underground rooms. There, while all sat in a wide circle, they smoked a peace pipe together. Kokop gave Ho-na-ni the seat of honor. The visiting chief filled the peace pipe, puffed on it twice, and handed it to the Indian who sat nearest on his right. Thus it was passed from mouth to mouth until all those around the circle had smoked. Then it was returned from the Indian on the extreme end of the circle to the man on his left, and so on back around the circle. When finally it reached the visiting chief, he cleaned it, refilled and relighted it, and started it again upon its rounds. It was never passed in front of the guest of honor.

While the men were smoking and exchanging news, the women were getting ready for the trading which was to begin later in the day, after a feast had been cooked for the visitors.

The visiting women carried their bundles into the open square, in the shade of the walls of the pueblo,



and opened them. The Hopi women carried their wares to the same place. The Hopi tribe had turquoise, or "blue stones," as the Indians called them, blankets, woven cotton cloth, eagle feath-

ers, mats and baskets of woven yucca fiber and of reed, many kinds of painted bowls, jars, bottles, and delicate vases, and beautifully tanned deerskins.



These they exchanged with the visitors



for bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and finger rings, made of sea shells, and bright colored pebbles, for seeds of corn, for tortoise shell ornaments, and for combs made from the backbones of fishes.

After a feast, the trading began and continued until after the sun had disappeared in the west.

In the twilight, the boys sat on the edge of the stone terrace that formed the roof of Kwahu's home



"THE WOMEN WERE GETTING READY FOR THE 'TRADING'"

and at the same time the front yard of Tabo's home on the tier or story above. Below them they could see some of the men from the party of traders engaged in games with the young men of Walpi. Some were shooting arrows through a hoop as it was rolled across the open square. Others were running foot races, tossing hoops over a stick driven in the ground, or wrestling.



Presently, a group of women came across the mesa, carrying heavy earthen jars of water poised upon their shoulders. Several of the women, including Tabo's mother, also were carrying their babies, slung on boards; for the Indian women take their babies with them wherever they go. The babies are strapped to boards until they are five or six months old. Then they are carried in blankets, which the mothers sling over their backs.



On the back of the mother of Tabo, her baby, Buli the Butterfly, cried fretfully.

"You must sleep," she said to the baby, "or I shall be sad. Naughty little babies that stay awake have

to be told of the bad owl with the crossed eyes and yellow glare that will eat them up; but you are a good little baby, Buli, and I will sing you the sleep song."

She carried Buli into the house, and soon the boys heard her voice, drowsy, sweet, caressing, and monotonous, singing the lullaby:

Pu-va, pu-va, pu-va,
 Pu-va, pu-va, pu-va,
 Ho-ho-ya-tu,
 Shuh-po pa-ve-e,
 Na-i-kwi-o Kiang-o,
 Pu-va, pu-va, pu-va,
 Pu-va, pu-va, pu-va.¹

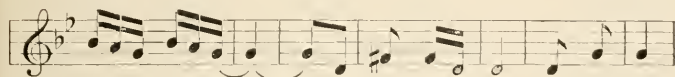
¹ Sleep, sleep, sleep,
 Sleep, sleep, sleep,
 The beetle in the desert carries its babe on its back;
 In the trail the beetles
 On each other's backs are sleeping;
 So, sleep on, my baby, thou—
 Sleep, sleep, sleep,
 Sleep, sleep, sleep.

(NOTE. — The Hopi Indian mother frequently sings this lullaby to her baby as, with the baby strapped on her back, she works at the metate, or grinding stone, and the motion of the mother

Puwuch Tawi

Not too fast

Pu - va pu - va pu - va



Pu - va pu - va pu - va



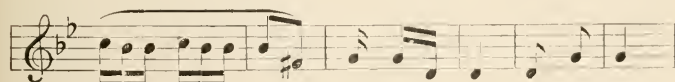
In the trail the bee - - tles



on each oth - er's backs are sleep - ing.



So on mine, my ba - by, thou.



Pu - va pu - va pu - va



Pu - va pu - va pu - va.

as she grinds the corn, rocks the baby. The words and the music are copyrighted, and are from "The Indian's Book," by kind permission of Natalie Curtis, the author, and Harper & Brothers.)

When the young runner started on his journey home, Kwahu went with him some distance beyond the village. As they parted, Kwahu gave the runner two long eagle feathers, which were his greatest treasures. The runner took the feathers, thanked the Hopi boy, and then stripped bark from a cedar tree and wrapped the feathers in it to protect them.

He then unfastened from his right arm a curious bracelet made of small sea shells and bright-colored pebbles, and handed it to Kwahu.

"Take this, little brother," he said, "and wear it. If you are ever in trouble and meet some of my tribe, they will know by this bracelet that we are brothers, and they will help you. My name is Nucaki. I will think often of you."

Kwahu was much pleased and spoke his thanks. He walked slowly home, planning great things that he would do when he grew older. He knew that, because he was the son of a chief, more would be expected of him than of the other boys; and he spent much time, sitting quietly in lonely places, thinking of how great his father, Kokop, was in the tribe, and planning how he would some day be equally as great.



CHAPTER IV

PLAYING WAR

KWAHU and Tabo, his friend, lay prone upon the ground in a hollow place between two big boulders. They were at one end of the high mesa, or plateau, on which the village stood. By crawling a few feet to their right they could have looked over the edge of the rocks to the desert many hundred feet below. If they had looked at the narrow open space between the edge of the desert sands and the base of the mesa, they could have seen the men hoeing corn. The men used small, sharp slabs of stone fastened to sticks with thongs made of the skins of wild animals.

But they did not care to look down towards the desert and the cornfields, for they were playing war and were scouts on the lookout for the enemy. Beside each little Indian boy lay his war shield, like his father's, but smaller. It was made of deer-

skin stretched tightly over small sticks. Each shield was ornamented with zigzag streaks of red and yellow paint to represent lightning, and daubs of brown paint for bears' tracks, to show that the scouts moved quickly and could follow the trail of the enemy. Over a shoulder of each of the boys there was a wolfskin, to impart to him the swiftness and sagacity of that animal.

As Kwahu and Tabo waited, they saw three other boys, also about nine years of age, peer cautiously out from behind other boulders and then run across the open space towards a clump of bushes. The three boys were the Ute enemy in this game of war. Kwahu and Tabo noiselessly left their hiding place, and, still flat on their stomachs, crawled very cautiously from one rock to another towards the spot where they knew the enemy was hidden. Sometimes they crawled only a few feet at a time and then lay perfectly still, but just as they were ready to pounce upon the other three boys and capture them, Tabo stepped carelessly on a twig and it snapped. The enemy heard the cracking twig, and thus knowing that Kwahu and Tabo had discovered

them and were close to them, jumped up and ran. Kwahu and Tabo ran after them. When near the goal one Indian boy tripped and fell. He jumped up, accused Kwahu of making him fall, and struck him on the cheek.

The two boys were fighting in real earnest when suddenly A-wa-ta, the medicine man, appeared.

"Fight not among yourselves," said the medicine man, who was also priest to the men and teacher to the children of the village, as he separated the boys. "Save your strength for battle with our enemies, the Utes."

"Will the Utes come soon?" asked Kwahu.

"No one knows," said the medicine man, shaking his head. "When they come, there is fighting, blood, death! We are a peaceful people, and would live our lives as we plan and as the gods direct. Come, boys, with me. We will plant prayer plumes before the god of war, and I will tell you how the Utes once came and went, while Kokop, our chief, was yet a boy."

The medicine man led the boys to the house of the god of war, in one of the kivas, or underground

rooms, of the great aggregation of stone houses, three stories high, in which all the Indians of the ancient Hopi village of Walpi lived.

The Ute Indians to the north of Walpi lived in tents, or tipis, made of buffalo or elk skins stretched over poles stuck in the ground. They never remained in one spot very long, but moved from place to place for their hunting, taking their tents with them and making new homes wherever they camped. The Hopi Indians, however, were home builders and lived in one place a very long time. The village, or "pueblo," of Walpi was built so many years before Kwahu was born that even old Acmo did not remember how old it was. It was two hundred paces long, half as wide, and looked like a great, wide terrace, or flight of giant steps, because each story was set back from the one below it so that the roof of one story formed the yard of the story next above it. Rough stone steps or clumsy notched logs led from one story to another. The only entrance to the rooms on the ground floor was through an opening in the roof.

The medicine man led the boys up the ladder to

the roof and down through one of these openings into the house of the god of war.

The room was large and dark, lighted only by the flicker of pieces of raw cotton burning in one corner in an earthen jar of bear's fat. As the boys' eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, they

saw that the walls of the room were decorated with paintings of animals. On the north wall was pictured a mountain lion, on the south a wildcat, on the east a wolf, and on the west a bear. A great five-pointed star was painted between the rafters of the ceiling.

The men and the boys picked up a number of prayer plumes from where they were stored in the corner of the room, in a sort of box made by hollowing out the trunk of a small tree. They planted them in the earthen floor in front of the altar of the god of war. The prayer plumes were sticks of wood sharpened at one end and decorated with the feathers of different birds.

When the prayer plumes had been placed, the

boys sat on the ground in a semicircle around the medicine man, and he began his story.

“One season of the hot suns when Kokop was no more than a head taller than you are now, Kwahu, our people were in great distress. No water had fallen from the skies in many moons; the seeds of corn which we had planted in the bosom of Mother Earth grew only into short sprouts that withered in the heat of the burning sun; the mountain streams sank back into the ground; we had only a small jar of water to each family for drinking, and we were starving. It was then that the Utes came.

“Our women and some of our men were in the cornfield, at the foot of the mesa, vainly trying to save the dying crop. Other men had gone to the blue mountains across the plains in search of water; and the children were in the village, all except Kokop, who had gone into the field with his mother.

“With his bow and arrow Kokop climbed a tall tree, playing scout as you were playing a little while ago. Soon he grew tired and started down. One last look he took, and what he saw made his

blood feel cold as the water of the mountain spring in the season of the snows. Crouched behind a boulder in the desert, hidden from our people on the ground, Kokop, from his lofty perch, saw two Ute scouts. How they had gotten there, he knew not; how many warriors were behind them, he knew not; he only knew that the dreaded enemy was making ready to spring.

“His heart beat loudly, many times, as he thought of what was best for him to do. Then he shot an arrow. It landed, upright, in the sand near the Ute scouts. Kokop was happy. He knew the scouts would go with great speed to tell their chief that the Hopis were watchful as the hawk.

“He clambered to the ground and ran quickly to our people in the field, calling as he went :

“‘Yuta win-wu ! Yuta win-wu !’

“The men seized their bows and arrows, mothers slung their babies upon their backs, and all gathered excitedly around Kokop.

“‘The Utes have come,’ said Kokop. ‘From the top of the tree yonder, I saw two scouts, but my arrow missed them.’

“Our people hurried to the steps in the rock that lead up through the deep ravine to our village. When only the women had started up, the wild cries of the Utes rent the air; a rain of arrows hit the ground, and the warriors from the north rushed towards our people. The Utes were many and we were few. They were to us like the leaves of the forest to the leaves of a single tree, but our men fought well and sent many prayers to our god of war.

“The god of war was pleased with their prayers and answered them in his own way.”

The medicine man paused, and the boys looked at him, wondering.

“What he speaks is truth,” said old Acmo, coming suddenly into the room.

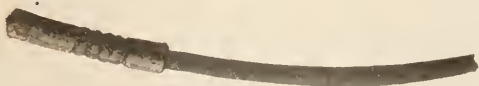
“The face of the sky,” continued the medicine man, “became gray with anger, then changed to a yellowish brown, then to purple and black; and mighty clouds of sand, like the body of a monster wasp, swept across the desert. The angry breath of the sky blew the sands of the desert so fiercely into the faces of the enemy that the Utes dropped

flat upon the ground and buried their heads in their hands. Our people were safe from the sand, in the bottom of the ravine behind the tall rocks.

“While the Utes lay like broken reeds in the sand, our people climbed to the top of the mesa. When the sandstorm passed and the Utes again advanced to attack us, our warriors killed many with arrows and with great rocks rolled down from the mesa top. At last, beaten and overcome, the Utes turned and fled into the desert.”

The medicine man stopped and old Acmo took up the tale.

“The driving away of the enemy was a good omen for our people, for the water fell from the skies on the corn and made it grow; the sacred well gushed with life, and we were happy. Kokop’s eye, always open, saved his people. So must you learn that the eye that is open sees the enemy, and the hand that is ready and strong will kill him.”



CHAPTER V

KWAHU MADE LEADER



“WHO dares follow me now?”

Kwahu stood poised on the edge of a deep crevice in the rocks. His lithe, bronze body, clothed in nothing but deerskin moccasins and a band of bright yellow cloth around his loins, was as straight as a pine tree. His hair was long, black, waving, and gathered at the back of his head in a small knot. His shoulders were square and strong.

His playmates held back. The crevice was several feet wide and so deep that when a stone was dropped into it, the sound of its fall on the rocks below was not heard for many seconds.

“You all go hand in hand with fear,” said Kwahu, tauntingly. “Each should have a woman to carry him on her back!”

As the boys, who were all about eleven years of

age, grumbled among themselves at his words, Kwahu stepped back a few paces, ran to the edge of the crevice at top speed, and leaped. His body shot out under the force his sturdy legs had given it, and for a few seconds seemed to hang in mid-air. Then he landed on the other side of the crevice as gracefully as a young antelope, turned, waved his hand, and cried :

“Who comes the way I came?”

Several of the boys prepared to make the leap, but as each made his run, his courage failed before he reached the edge of the crevice, and he stopped short. Slowly and silently they crawled across on the trunk of a fallen tree and gathered around Kwahu. He was now their leader, and they asked him what he would do next.

“I know,” he said, “where there is the nest of an eagle. Three times I have seen it circle to the place. We will go there. I will show the way.”

He led them in single file up steep places, over great boulders, and across deep gullies to the end of the mesa farthest from where the village stood, and



"HIS BODY . . . SEEMED TO HANG IN MID AIR"

pointed to the eagle's nest high above them near the top of the cliff.

"I see it," cried Tabo.

"There are young eagles in it," said another.

As the boys stood around the tree, debating how they could reach the nest, the young eagles began to screech.

"They are hungry," said Kwahu, "and they know that the mother eagle comes soon with food. Acmo taught me that."

"We must hurry, then," said one. "Who will climb to the nest?"

"I will," said Kwahu. "I am the leader."

"But," said Tabo, who was cautious and feared for Kwahu's safety, "the mother eagle might return and harm you, Kwahu."

It was a serious question, and the boys sat down and discussed it as solemnly as their fathers, in a council of war, discussed a possible attack by their enemy the Utes.

"The eagle," said Tabo, "is a mighty bird, wild as the mountain lion and cunning as the fox, with eyes that see farther than the hawk's. It would

fight hard to protect its young. We must wait until the mother eagle comes and flies away again, and then we may catch the little eagles."

Again the eaglets screeched, louder and longer. The boys listened, silently. With their eyes they measured the distance to the eagle's nest, and they saw the heads of four young eagles peeping over its edge.

Suddenly Kwahu startled them by saying:

"We will kill the mother eagle!"

In an instant they were all excited, but their stolid little faces did not show it. Like their fathers, they had learned to hide their feelings. Not a boy moved from where he sat, but all turned their eyes to Kwahu.

"It is big talk," said one who was jealous of Kwahu's leadership. "Men, not boys, kill eagles."

"Who leaped the deep crack in the rocks when no one of us dared follow?" asked Tabo, quick to defend his friend Kwahu. "Who can throw the dust of his moccasins in our faces as we run races, and who can kill a rabbit with an arrow? It is Kwahu."

"It is big talk," repeated the jealous one, sullenly.

"Can he draw a bow that will drive an arrow to kill so far away as the eagle's nest?"

Kwahu had said nothing. He stood a little way apart from the other boys, carefully examining his arrows and testing his bow. Now he stepped quietly forward and said:

"I will try to shoot the eagle. The top of the cliff is above the nest and near to it. I will go there, alone."

From his seat upon a rock, Tabo rose and went to Kwahu.

"The eagle fights hard," he said. "Let me go with you, Kwahu. Two arrows will kill where one will fail."

Kwahu hesitated. Tabo was like a brother to him. He knew that if the mother eagle saw him near her nest, she would attack him and he might need help; but it had been said that he made big talk, and he could not show weakness before his playmates and remain their leader. Finally he said, "I will go alone!"

He gathered long tufts of grass, and, with strips of fiber from the inside bark of trees, fastened them

to the narrow band of deerskin thong that he wore around his head. He had seen his father, do this when he went scouting, so that when he stuck his head above the edge of a hill, the enemy could see only the tufts of grass fastened to the headband.

When Kwahu had arranged the tufts of grass on his head, he strapped his bow and arrows to his back, so that his hands were free. The other boys watched him stolidly as he climbed, like a squirrel, from one ledge of rock to another, higher and higher, with many slips and narrow escapes, until he reached the top.

There he found some low, scrubby bushes growing in a narrow crevice at the edge. By crawling in among these bushes he was able to hide his body, and the tufts of grass fastened on his headband made him seem like a part of the bushes. From where he lay, flat upon the rocks, he could see the eagle's nest only a little way from him.

He lay there a long time, as still as the bush that concealed him. His legs grew stiff, his back ached, and his eyes pained from watching; but he waited.

Then a shadow told him that the mother eagle was flying above him. At the same instant the eaglets screeched louder than ever, only to stop suddenly as the mother eagle alighted beside the nest. She dropped into the nest the food she had brought in her talons.



The eagle did not see Kwahu, and he was glad. He watched her as she perched beside the nest, resting. Carefully he fitted an arrow to his bow and waited for her to open her great wings to fly. He knew that his arrow could not pierce the folded wings and that he would have to shoot her in the breast to kill or even to wound her seriously.



The eaglets devoured the food and screeched for more. The mother eagle scolded them for a while and then opened her wings to fly away in search of more. It was then that Kwahu sent his arrow, straight and true, into the eagle's breast and at once concealed himself again in his hiding place. The eagle fluttered back to the nest. Her large, beadlike eyes

seemed to search for the enemy, and Kwahu's hand trembled a little as he fitted another arrow to his bow. It seemed a long time before the eagle fell, screaming, to the ground far below, her wings flapping angrily but weakly.

Kwahu leaned far over the edge of the cliff and saw his playmates beating the dying eagle with sticks. He climbed down the way he had gone up.

"She is dead," said Tabo, as Kwahu joined his playmates.

"We killed her with sticks," said the jealous one.

"She was dying when she fell at our feet," insisted Tabo. "It is Kwahu's eagle."

The boys built a rough litter with small branches and sticks. On this they placed the body of the eagle, and, in twos, they took turns carrying it back to the village. It would have been easier to drag it over the ground, but they wanted to protect the feathers so that they could use them in making war bonnets.





CHAPTER VI

BULI THE BUTTERFLY AND KWEWE

KWAHU and Tabo were one evening sitting in the house of Yuna, busy with feathers from the eagle that Kwahu had killed. They were making them ready to be worn by the men in the games and dances that were to be held to please the Spirits of the Sky so that rain would fall and make the corn grow.

The room was square and fairly large. The walls were of stone, roughly plastered with adobe, and the floor was of slabs of sandstone. Across the ceiling stretched three heavy tree trunks that served as beams to help support the story above. It was lighted only by the narrow, open doorway and by two small, oblong openings in the front wall.

Kwahu and Tabo watched Yuna as she placed a few handfuls of corn kernels on an oblong stone slightly hollowed in the middle; ground the kernels

into meal with a heavy grinding stone; mixed the meal with water, and deftly spread the batter on a



large, thin slab of stone kept hot in a great hooded fireplace at one end of the room. In a

few minutes the piki, or bread, was cooked. It was as thin as paper, and greatly resembled the nest of a wasp. The boys ate it and liked it very much.

“If the water does not fall from the skies and the corn does not grow, we shall have no more piki,” said Tabo, addressing Kwahu, “and it will be like the time that the medicine man told us of, when your father was a boy and saved the people from the Utes.”

“The water will fall,” said Kwahu. “Wait! The medicine men will fast and pray and scatter the sacred cornmeal to the winds, and the maidens will dance. Then, at night, you and I will slip out of our homes when nobody is looking, and we will watch the medicine men as they swing their slabs of wood around their heads on strings of yucca fiber or make lightning by striking stones together in the dark. Then the water will surely fall!”

Yuna and the mother of Tabo were sitting at



“SHE CRAWLED DOWN BACKWARDS TO THE BOTTOM ”

the other side of the room, on mats of woven reeds, painting earthen jars, bottles, and bowls that were to be used in the games and dances.



With slivers of yucca leaf they drew rude pictures of many of



the gods of the Hopi. On some of the jars they made figures of serpents, sunflowers, wild beasts, frogs, the sun, and even of clouds with rain falling from them.

Buli the Butterfly, sister of Tabo, was just old enough to walk, and she toddled, crowing and gurgling, around the room. Kwahu, who was very fond of her, called her to him. The boys gave her rattles made of tiny gourds, a whistle made of a turkey bone, and a claw of the eagle to play with.



Soon she tired of playing, dropped her toys, and toddled out through the door. No one saw her go. She found a hoop, made of a stout willow twig tied with rawhide, and tried to roll it. It zigzagged from her and rolled down the steep stone trail cut in the

rock which led to the mesa terrace below. Buli watched the hoop until it stopped. Then she dropped down on her hands and knees, backed over to the top step, and crawled down backwards to the bottom. She found the hoop and toddled happily away towards the other end of the mesa, dragging it after her.

She met nobody. The men were hunting, the women were busy in their houses, and only the half-wild village dogs were in sight, sleeping in the sun. Buli wandered on to the edge of the mesa. There she found a little brown puppy, crouching against a rock and whining. She squatted on the ground beside it and played with it.

From behind a group of bowlders, with stealthy, noiseless steps, limped a lame wolf. He was very large, grizzled, shaggy, gaunt, and hungry. He stopped, alert, and sniffed the air. His bloodshot eyes, frightened but bold, were turned quickly in all directions, seeking signs of danger. The wolf, satisfied that he was alone, prepared to hunt. Then Buli's piping little voice caught his sharp ears as she prattled to the puppy.

When the wolf disappeared, the puppy was alone.

A moment later a weird, long-drawn howl came from a near-by gully. It was the wolf calling to the others of his pack.

Buli sat, crying, on the ground where the wolf had dropped her to call his mates.

Before the last echoes of the shrill call had died, Kokop, and So-winn, father of Buli, came hurrying up the ravine that led to the top of the mesa, their bows ready in their hands.

When they reached the top, the wolf had disappeared; Buli was watching a curious insect and had stopped crying; the two men did not hear a sound.

"It was the call of a wolf that we heard," said So-winn.

"Yes," answered Kokop, as he examined the ground, "and here are the tracks of a large wolf that is lame."

Other returning hunters joined the chief and So-winn, and all rapidly followed the tracks.

One of the youngest braves was the first to see Buli. She was sitting where the wolf had dropped her, contentedly watching the antics of the jumping insect.

"So-winn, uma; So-winn, uma!" he cried.

Then he picked up Buli, and as So-winn rushed to him, he handed the baby to her father.

The hunters gathered around So-winn as he carefully examined Buli. Except for a few scratches, the child was not injured. The single piece of clothing that she wore was torn, showing how the wolf had carried her.

"We came only in time," said old Acmo. "The Gods of the Little Ones are good to you, So-winn. You must make offerings."

Butterfly was very dear to the heart of So-winn, and he knew that she had been close to death. His arms were steady as he held her to his breast, but his heart quivered. His face, however, did not betray his feelings, and he said nothing. He walked away from the group of hunters and stood silently looking across the plain below.

"See," he said suddenly, pointing to a lame wolf running in the distance, "there goes the evil one, Kwewe. May the trees of the forest fall upon him; may the streams dry up as he drinks; may his food turn to fire in his mouth; and may he never sleep!"

Then he placed the child upon the ground, raised his arms above his head, turned the palms of his open hands towards the east, and silently prayed. Next, he took a bit of the down of an eagle from his belt, poised it upon the tips of his fingers, and blew it from him, over the edge of the cliff. It wavered for a second and then rose gently in the air.

"It is a good omen," he said solemnly. "The prayer pleases the gods; it will be answered."

As the hunting party walked on slowly towards the village, the men saw Kwahu and Tabo running towards them at top speed.

"Buli the Butterfly is lost," cried Kwahu.

"We cannot find her," shrieked Tabo.

"She is not lost; she is here," said So-winn, holding the child on his shoulder. "The gods of the Little Ones saved her from the evil one, even from Kwewe the wolf."



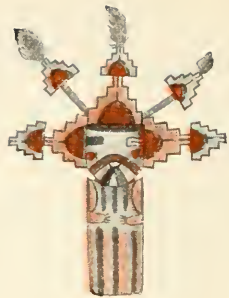
In the home of Yuna, the mother of Buli stood holding a bowl of clay as Kokop and So-winn entered.

"The Butterfly is safe. Another time it may not be so. Keep her with you — ever,"

said So-winn to his wife as he handed the baby to her.

The bowl she was holding fell to the floor and broke. She pressed Buli so tightly to her bosom that the baby cried.





CHAPTER VII

THE SACRED SIPAPU

BULI was sitting on the floor of the kiva, intently watching Kwahu and Tabo. Her little head was turned to one side like that of a bird as it watches an insect crawling on the ground in front of it. She held one fat little foot in her chubby brown hands as she rocked her body slowly from side to side, but her bright black eyes never left the two boys, and she crowed contentedly.

The Hopi boys glanced at her occasionally to make sure that she was safe, thinking always of how narrowly she had escaped death when Kwewe the wolf carried her off. Then they turned again to their work of planting a shoot of corn in the sipapu,

or small round hole, about a foot deep, in the center of the kiva.

"It will grow," said Kwahu. "Here, where the fierce heat of the sun will not wither it, the corn will grow even higher than you stand, Tabo, and will wave a greeting to the wise men as they come to the council."

As Kwahu, with Buli in his arms, climbed the rough ladder that led out of the kiva through the square opening in its roof, he met his father, Kokop.

"Why do I find you coming out of the kiva? Do you not know that it is consecrated to the ceremonies of the priests and the councils of the chiefs and the wise men?" asked the chief, with anger in his voice. "It is not a place for the idle playing of children."

"We were not playing," answered Tabo, who had joined Kwahu, willing to share any blame or punishment that might be forthcoming for what they had done together.

"What, then, were you doing?" asked Kokop.

"We were preparing an omen for the wise men," answered Kwahu.

"Omens cannot be prepared," said Kokop, seriously ; "they happen at the will of the gods."

"I will show you what we have done," answered Kwahu, as he started down the ladder into the kiva, followed by his father.

They had hardly disappeared when a shoot of corn and a handful of earth were thrown up through the hatchway in the roof of the kiva. These landed at the feet of Tabo and of old Acmo, who had just come up the rough stone steps from the dwelling below and were about to enter the kiva.

"What is this !" asked the old man.

Before Tabo could answer, Kokop's head appeared at the top of the kiva ladder. His face was stern and in his eyes was the look of one who had seen that which startles. As he reached the top, he turned to look at Kwahu, who was following him. Then he looked at Tabo, and both boys quivered from head to foot. Next the chief looked at Acmo, and then he spoke, answering the silent question in the old man's eyes.

"The Beloved Twain, the Sun-Father and the Earth-Mother, will be filled with great anger this

day," he said, as he scattered the handful of earth with his moccasined foot. "In the sacred sipapu I found a shoot of corn planted, blocking the coming of those who might rise from the underworld."

Kwahu and Tabo, bewildered, looked at each other and at the men. Kokop spoke of strange gods, whose names were new to their ears, and they did not understand. They could not believe that their planting of the shoot of corn, as a surprise for the wise men of the council and the priests, could cause anger to any of their gods, either old or new. Kwahu, the leader always, spoke for both.

"If it was wrong for us to plant the corn, O my father," he said, "then it was wrong that we did not know it to be a wrong. We are sorry, and the punishment that we must bear will be just."

Kokop was about to speak again when old Acmo stopped him with a gesture and said:

"The years of these boys are few, and they do not understand. The light of truth is in their eyes, and the words that flow from their lips are as innocent as the stream that gurgles from the mountain spring."

"It is well," said Kokop, thoughtfully, "that the hand be guided and governed by the mind. So there is still another task for you, Acmo. To these boys, the day that is now is like both the day that has passed and the day that is to come. As they live now, so do they believe that our people have always lived. It is well that they should know more. As their years pile one upon another, their minds should grow strong and well rounded, as do their bodies."

Kokop walked away, and Acmo, taking the boys by the hands, led them to the end of the mesa on the south. In the shade of a huge boulder he sat down and motioned to the boys to sit beside him. Acmo lighted his pipe and smoked silently for a long time. The boys waited, also silent.

"I will tell to you," old Acmo said at last, "of the beginnings of our people and of the wonderful things that have happened to them, and other things that it is well for you to know."

The old man's face was solemn, and, as he talked, wonder grew in the eyes of Kwahu and Tabo, and they moved closer together.

“Awon-aw-il-ona, the First of the Gods and the All-Powerful, on one of his visits to the people of the world, who then lived in the center of the earth, found that they were very unhappy. There were good people and bad people, and the bad people were grown stronger than the good people. Indeed, the good people were being killed so rapidly that he feared there would soon be no good people left. The bad people were friendly with strange beings who worked in sorcery, and with the monsters and the demons. So Awon-aw-il-ona broke through the crust of the earth to find a place to which to lead the good people.

“He found that all was deep darkness on the outside of the earth, so that, although he could see all things, the good people that he was to save from the bad people inside of the earth were not able to follow where he led. He waved his hands, and instantly a great light was shed upon the surface of the earth from the skies above. It was the sun. Then Awon-aw-il-ona ordered that the sun should be the Sun-Father and the earth should be the Earth-Mother, and that all the gods of the people

who came from the center of the earth should be born of the Sun-Father and the Earth-Mother, or of their children.

“The surface of the earth was soft like a marsh, and even the high places were damp like the floor of a deep cavern in the mountain side. The hole through which Awon-aw-il-onā came from the center of the earth was too small to allow more than one person at a time to follow him; so he caused earthquakes to rend the surface of the earth. These made great holes which allowed the people to come from the center of the earth. But unhappily not only good people thus came, but also many beings of sorcery, bringing bad magic with them, besides demons and monsters. In the beginning, wretchedness and hunger abounded. Bad magic turned the people against one another and there was contention and war.

“At one time, when the sun had gone to rest behind the black curtains of the night, the people held a great council and decided to flee from the beings of sorcery, the demons and the monsters, and to seek a place where the surface of the earth was

firm like the rocks of this mesa on which our houses are built. Through many periods of darkness and light did they plan and watch and wait for the time to come when the evil beings should sleep a long sleep. In vain did they wait, for it seemed as if the evil ones never slept. Then, in a period of darkness, there came more earthquakes that made the earth tremble, while great, terrifying flashes of light appeared in the skies that muttered and rumbled. These noises were the voices of the gods directing the earthquakes and the swift wind which brought floods of water from the mysterious darkness and dashed them down upon the frightened people.

“The beings of sorcery, the demons and the monsters, fled from the midst of the people and huddled together in a great cave. The people chose this time to escape, and started a search for the middle of the earth, where the surface would be hard and where they could live without sickness and war. The search that they began at that time has made our people wanderers on the face of the earth.

“Just as the sun pushed aside the dark curtains of the night, and the first rays of light fell upon the

frightened faces of the fleeing people, another earthquake, the greatest of all, shook the ground and opened great holes in it; and then, as if a mighty hand had pressed down upon it, the cave in which the evil beings had hidden was crushed in and they were all killed, except a very few who stood close to the entrance and were forced out. These ran at top speed in the direction the people had fled, and they have pursued us ever since."

Old Acmo paused, and took his pipe from the pipe bag that hung at his belt. As he packed the tube with his wrinkled forefinger, the boys watched him intently. Neither Kwahu nor Tabo spoke, but both wished that the old man would quickly finish smoking and resume the tale.

Old Acmo, however, did not light his pipe. He sat holding it in the palm of his left hand, and, as his eyes wandered off across the valley to the blue mountains in the distance, the pipe was forgotten, the two waiting boys were forgotten, and the mind of the wise old man was filled with recollections of his youth and of the time when the tale he was telling was new to him.

He closed his eyes, and the boys thought that he slept; but the drooped eyelids of the old man served only as a screen upon which, with the vividness of actual scenes, visions of his long life were thrown. He saw himself a naked boy, strong, lithe, self-confident, and brave, leading the other boys of his tribe in mimic warfare; he saw the mountain lion springing upon him, as it did when he first went with a hunting party; he saw the black-eyed daughter of the chief smile upon him as he passed her doorway. Next he saw himself one of a party of warriors on the warpath, and as the vision of his first fight passed before him, the thin blood in his veins was electrified and a thrill of the excitement of youth passed through him, — then to go out forever, as the lightning changes of his waking dream showed him the sorrows of drougths and famine. Then, as his head drooped on his chest, he saw a vision of death riding towards him on a black cloud and beckoning to him.

He opened his eyes with a start. The blue mountains, across the valley, looked more blue, the sun appeared brighter, and the soft wind from the south seemed to caress him and bid him stay on earth.

He placed his pipe at his side, motioned to the boys to draw closer to him, and resumed the interrupted tale.

“The beings of sorcery, the demons and the monsters that escaped, changed forms many times as they pursued our people. Some flew in the air, some ran on the ground, and some swam in the rivers; but always they have pursued and they still pursue our people.



“Our people fled great distances, but they wandered aimlessly, because they had no leader, and they could not find the center of the world where the earth would be always firm. There was discord and disappointment, and their hearts beat slowly in despair. Then it was that Awon-aw-ol-ona willed that they should no longer be without help. Soon the Beloved Twain were born to them, the Sun-Father and the Earth-Mother to guide, counsel, and comfort our people. Finally the Beloved Twain led them to a place where the earth was firm and hard, the water

in the rivers clear, the sky always bright; and there the sun enveloped them in its rays and made them warm. There they lived until the children became old men, and then the earth opened once more and the rivers were swallowed; the mountains crumbled, and our people were again forced to flee.

“At their next tarrying place they lived even a longer time; and as they lived they learned much, even as you must learn. Up to that time, the bodies of the men, women, and children had tails like the tail of a dog, but shorter. At length, however, all our people were good people, and all were free from the ills of those among whom they had lived in the center of the earth. Only one thing remained to trouble them, and that was the tails; and they believed that if they could be rid of these, they would be in no further danger of being sent back to the awful darkness and terror at the center of the earth. They sought the Beloved Twain and asked them to intercede with Awon-aw-il-ona so that our people might be freed from their tails. Then, because they had learned much and lived uprightly, one morning, at the rising of the sun, our

people all woke up and found that their tails had disappeared. Then they were happy.

“Many tarrying places did they find in their wanderings. They met the peoples of older nations who had come up out of the center of the earth before them, and from these older people they learned much wisdom. They learned also that, as they had come up, so would emerge still other nations or still others of our own people. For that reason there is in every kiva a sacred sipapu which must always be kept open as a way out of the center of the earth for those who may knock.”

Kwahu and Tabo waited as the old man paused again, but Acmo had finished his tale, and, rising slowly, he walked away; but the boys stayed in the shade of the boulder for a long time, talking over the wonderful things they had heard.





CHAPTER VIII

AN ADVENTURE WITH KWEWE

“SON,” said Kokop, one day, as Kwahu sat watching him cut a deerskin into moccasins with a sharpened piece of flint, “son, you are to go into the woods with the hunters to-day. There are many who fear, they know not what. If the fear is greater than the man, then the man shall not be called a man. Eleven summers have your cheeks been burned in the fierce sun, and as many times have you seen the snow mantle on the bosom of the Earth-Mother. The deer, the fox, and the wolf are cunning, and the bear is brave; but the homes of the hunters are hung with their skins. Your arm is strong. The rest you must prove. Go, you are the son of a chief!”

Kwahu took the bow his father gave him and the

arrows tipped with flint. Down the narrow canyon from the village high up on a hill the hunting party went ; past the scattered open spaces where the corn was growing ; over a stretch of desert shimmering in the sun ; across the plain and on to the woods beyond. It was a long journey. Kwahu walked proudly with the men, thinking of what old Acmo had taught him of the fox, the wolf, the mountain lion, and the antelope, and how to know the tracks of one animal from those of another. He heard the hunters talk of Kwewe the evil one, father of all wolves, that no hunter had been able to trap or kill, and he remembered that it was Kwewe that carried off Buli the Butterfly.

He grasped his bow more firmly ; felt in his belt the knife he had made from a stone and sharpened on the rough rocks ; walked faster, and resolved that, if possible, he would be the one to kill Kwewe. His thoughts were of the wolf and he looked for tracks. Once he thought he had found them and his heart leaped. But they were the footprints of a fox, and old.

A deer, startled, leaped from the edge of a pool

of water and ran. An arrow from a hunter's bow struck it and it fell, dead.

Deep in the forest Kwahu heard a strange noise, and crouched in the thick underbrush to watch and wait. The rocks beside him were not more still than he. A long time he waited, but no animal came. When at last he stood up, he was alone. The hunters had gone on without him, but he was not afraid. He traced the footprints of his own moccasins back over the trail to where the deer had been killed. Its skin was stretched on the limb of a tree to dry, but no hunters were in sight. On the ground, however, he found the marks of their moccasins, and he followed their trail up the side of the mountain.

As he trudged sturdily along, climbing over great boulders and the trunks of fallen trees, or running quickly across the open spaces where the tracks of the hunters were easily followed, his thoughts were still of Kwewe the wolf.

A twig snapped on his right, and then another. Kwahu knew that no Indian made a noise when he was hunting, but rather that some animal had

stepped on the twigs and broken them. He quickly fitted an arrow to the string of his bow and stood perfectly still, listening. The only sounds he heard were the gentle gurgling of a streamlet over smooth stones and the whispering of the leaves in the trees above him. His whole body trembled, his heart beat fast, and all his strong little muscles tightened as he leaned forward and strained his eyes in search of whatever might be hidden in the woods around him.

Suddenly a giant wolf dashed from a clump of trees in front of Kwahu, not twenty paces from where he stood. Its hair was bristling; its eyes seemed to Kwahu, in the dimness of the forest, like balls of fire; its open, frothing mouth showed ugly, sharp, yellow fangs, and it snarled terribly.

Kwahu did not run. He looked steadily at the ferocious animal and marveled that a wolf could be so big, while the wolf hesitated as if surprised that a boy as small as Kwahu would stand in its path. Then the beast stepped a pace closer and made ready to spring.

All the instincts of the hunter born in Kwahu, all the teachings of old Aemo and the blood of chiefs,



"HE LOOKED STEADILY AT THE FEROCIOUS ANIMAL"

helped him to be brave. He quickly stretched his bow as far as he could, and let fly. The flint-tipped arrow struck the wolf in the eye as it sprang. The same instant another arrow whizzed past Kwahu and struck the wolf, piercing its heart. The animal's body fell almost at the boy's feet.

"My son, you have done well!"

At the sound of his father's voice Kwahu looked up. Above him, on a ledge of rock, stood Kokop, surrounded by the hunters.

"We have watched you from a distance," said Kokop, "as you traced our trail. Many bows and mighty arms were here to save you, had you needed help."

The Indians gathered around the body of the giant wolf and examined it.

"The small arrow killed," announced old Acmo.

"It is the arrow of my son," said Kokop, proudly.

So-winn, the father of Buli, called the others to him as he knelt beside the body of the animal.

"Look!" he said, "it is the lame wolf, — the one whose tracks we found in the village. It is the evil one, Kwewe."



CHAPTER IX

THE FAMINE

WITH the wolfskin on his shoulder, Kwahu walked into the village. By the doorway of his home he dropped his burden.

"See," he said proudly, "I bring the skin of Kwewe the wolf. I am now a hunter."

"What you tell is truth," said his mother. "You have killed the wolf that many hunters have tried in vain to kill."

Kwahu knew that So-winn, father of Buli the Butterfly, had spread the news throughout the village. He went down to the open space surrounded by the great group of houses; he crossed it and climbed up the ladders to the third story in search of his friend Tabo, all the time pretending not to hear the praise of the people.

He was glad he had killed the wolf, and he was proud because the people pointed to him and said

he was the bravest boy in the village. He walked very straight and was happy. At the door of Kilo, the arrow-maker, he found his young friend. Tabo jumped up and ran to him.

"Tell me how you killed Kwewe," he cried.

The boys went to a quiet place and sat down. Before Kwahu had talked more than a few minutes, the other boys of the pueblo gathered around them. He told them all just how he had killed the wolf. He had long been the leader of the boys, and he now became their hero.

That night he quietly went out from his home, telling nobody. Near the Sacred Wall he met Tabo, and together they went to the place where they knew the medicine men were praying for rain. Without being seen, they watched the medicine men swing their slabs of wood around their heads and make their own lightning by striking stones together in the dark. When they went home, they felt sure that soon water would fall from the skies, the corn would grow, and the famine would come to an end.

The next day and for many days, not only Kwahu and Tabo, but all the people of the pueblo watched

the skies for signs of rain clouds. They watched; they prayed; they made many smoke offerings, and held the dances that they thought would please the Spirits of the Sky, but no rain fell.

Kwahu knew that Tabo had been right when he said that in Walpi it would be as it had been at the time that the medicine man had told them of when Kokop was a boy. As the people of the tribe then had little water to drink and little corn to eat and were starving, so it was now.

The Sacred Well was now only a hole in the ground and dry, the rooms where the corn had been stored were empty; the berries did not grow on the bushes. The animals and birds had gone to other places in search of food and drink, and the hunters came home with empty hands. The faces of the people were pinched with hunger, and the bodies of the children were thin, like twigs of willow.

One afternoon a runner from another Hopi village to the south came panting up the steep trail that led to the top of the mesa. His face was thin and haggard, like the faces of all of the people in Walpi. He staggered with weakness as he walked slowly to

the home of Kokop, the chief. That night all the people of Walpi knew that in the village of Awatobi, where the runner lived, the people were starving too. He told them that the wise men of Awatobi had decided that the reason the water did not fall was because a young girl, Ala, the daughter of Pan-u-wa, had bad magic and had "blown away the clouds."

"Tuc-ti, our chief, and all the people of Awatobi," the runner said to Kokop, "are sure that rain will fall before the moon that is now young in the sky has grown to be full. For, to-morrow, the wicked girl, Ala, is to be put to death as a sacrifice to the Spirits of the Sky."

Kokop was silent, but old Acmo said :

"It is better that Ala should be sacrificed than that the water should not fall from the skies. Her life is one ; the lives of the people are many."

On the morning of the next day, Kwahu started alone on a journey to the woods on the side of the mountain where he had killed Kwewe the wolf. His bow and arrows were in a quiver thrown over his shoulder, and in each hand he carried an empty water bottle. He had made many journeys in search of a

spring or a brook that was not dry, but had found none. This morning, however, he had remembered the brook which he had seen when hunting on the side of the mountain, and he resolved that he would seek it in the hope that it might still contain water.

It was a long journey for a small boy. Before he reached the shade of the woods, the hot sun had blistered his half-naked body and hurt his eyes so that the trees and the rocks seemed to dance as he looked at them. When he reached the woods, he sat down to rest, and before he found the brook he was obliged to rest many times.

The brook was not full, but there was still some water in it. He filled his earthen bottles and on his way out of the woods was careful to leave a clear trail behind him so that he could easily find the spring again.

He had reached the foot of the mountain and was almost out of the woods when he heard a slight noise in a thicket ahead of him. He quickly put his bottles of water on the ground, took his bow and arrows from his quiver, and dropped flat on his stomach. He crept carefully and noiselessly towards the

thicket. What he saw when he arrived there surprised him more than if he had come upon a wild animal.



He saw an Indian girl, of about his own age, sitting on the ground, crying. Her moccasins were torn into shreds, her feet were cut and swollen; the one piece of rough cotton cloth that she wore around her waist was ragged and tattered, and her flesh was scratched and bruised in many places.

Kwahu rose from his creeping posture and walked boldly towards the girl. He stepped so quietly and she was crying so hard that at first she did not hear him.

When he was almost beside her, she heard him, jumped up, and tried to run away. Kwahu caught her gently by the arm and held her. She struggled weakly.

“Do not waste your strength and mine by struggling,” he said. “In this time of famine we have little to eat in our village and we have little strength. Do not fear me. I am a brother. Why are you here? Are you lost?”



“AN INDIAN GIRL SITTING ON THE GROUND”

The girl stood still. Her face was thin and haggard, but Kwahu thought that he had never seen a face so beautiful. Her eyes were large, round, and black, but they looked frightened like those of a deer that is hunted. Her black hair, long and waving, hung loosely over her dark, bare shoulders, and her hands and feet were small. Her whole body trembled, and suddenly she sank to the ground from weakness.

Kwahu ran quickly to where he had left his bottles of water and returned, carrying one of them. He plucked a large leaf from a tree, deftly twisted it into the form of a cup, poured water into it from the bottle, and held it to the girl's lips. The drink of water revived her. Then Kwahu sat down on the ground beside her.

"I am called Kwahu," he said, "and Kokop, the chief in Walpi, is my father. Tell me who you are and where your village is, and I will show you the way back to your people, if you are lost."

The girl looked at him steadily for some time before she answered. She seemed to decide that she

could trust him, and the hunted look left her eyes while she told him of her trouble.

"I have run away from our village of Awatobi," she said. "I was to be killed as a sacrifice. I have visions that it is not given to others to see, and my people fear me and say that I have bad magic. When Haso, brother of Tuc-ti, our chief, was killed by a bear, I saw it all in a vision as I sat by the doorway of my mother, and I told of it. After the hunters had returned and all the village knew that Haso had been killed by a bear as I had seen it in my vision, many black looks were cast on me. Now that the water does not fall from the skies and our people are starving, they say I have bad magic and have blown the clouds away with bad magic. The wise men of the council ordered our medicine man to kill me as a sacrifice to the Spirits of the Sky."

The girl paused and turned away so that Kwahu should not see the tears in her eyes.

"I ran away," she continued, "because I wish to live. The songs of the birds are sweet in my ears; the breeze that fans my cheek is like the caress of my mother; the boughs of the trees, as they swing in the

wind, beckon to me; the leaves, as they rustle, whisper to me of the cool places in their shelter; the rabbit and the fox, as they ran across my path, seemed to taunt me with their speed. I ran after them and was happy."

She stopped speaking, and Kwahu rose from the ground beside her. His face was grave, his forehead was wrinkled in thought, and in his eyes there was a hint of fear. He knew now that the girl was Ala of whom the runner from Awatobi had told. He remembered too that old Acmo had said it was better that she should be sacrificed than that the people should starve.

Ala watched him closely. She knew that he was half afraid.

"Do not be afraid of me," she pleaded. "I have not the bad magic, and I would not stop the water from falling even if I had the power. Do not look at me as if I were a witch. When I see my mother and the baby that is my sister, dying, I make many prayers while the others sleep. I know that you will help me. You are brave. I can see now a hunter of your tribe standing in the doorway of your

mother's house. He is pointing to the skin of a giant wolf and telling a child, who is too small to understand him, that you killed the wolf."

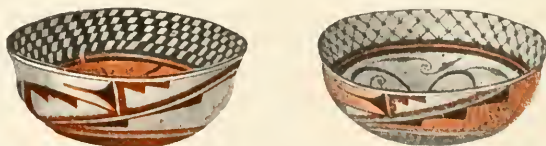
Kwahu was startled by Ala's vision. He knew that she had seen Buli the Butterfly and So-winn her father. He thought of the empty mouths of the people who were daily growing thinner and weaker. He knew that he was hungry and that his arm was not so strong as it had been when the corn in the fields grew above his head and the water was high in the streams; but he did not believe that this beautiful girl kept the water from falling from the sky and the corn from coming up out of the ground. He wanted to help her and yet he remembered again old Acmo's saying that it was better for her to die, and he did not know what to do.

He stood looking down at Ala, who was crouched upon the ground at his feet. His heart pained. It seemed to Ala a long time before he spoke. Finally he said:

"I do not want you to be killed as a sacrifice, but I do not know what the wise men of your tribe know, and they say that you should die. Acmo,

who is old and wise also, says that you should die. The Spirits of the Sky are mighty and they hold in their hands the lives of your people and of our people. If the water does not fall, we shall all die. It has been said in council that you have bad magic, but I think you are too beautiful and too good to blow away the clouds. I will help you. The Spirits of Good will guide me. I cannot take you to our village, and I cannot let you die here. I will leave one jar of water with you. When it is empty, you can fill it at the spring. I will bring you part of the piki and food that is my share in our village."

He picked up one jar of water, slung his quiver upon his back again and walked off towards his home. The girl watched him as long as he was in sight.





CHAPTER X

THE HUNTED AND THE HUNTERS

FOR three days Kwahu hunted in the woods where he found Ala. He shot or caught enough small animals and birds to keep them both alive. He fetched water from the spring, and built a rough shelter for her of the boughs of trees, laced together with strips of yucca. It was deep in the woods and well hidden.

Her danger and his efforts to save her caused them soon to become fast friends. She was very grateful and tried in many ways to prove it. She had recovered from her first terrible fear of being discovered and put to death as a sacrifice. She knew that her people would search for her, but she had come so far from her village and it was so quiet

where she was hidden, that she felt herself safe from discovery.

Kwahu, however, knew that the hunters from Awatobi would find her if she stayed where she was. He did not frighten her by telling her that, but tried hard to think of some way out of the difficulty. Then he remembered the runner, Nucaki, who had given him the bracelet of sea-shells and colored pebbles, four years before. Nucaki had told him that if he ever needed help any member of his tribe would help him as soon as they saw the bracelet. He therefore decided to send Ala to Nucaki.

Kwahu unfolded his plan to her. He told her that he would give her the bracelet and that Nucaki's people would be good to her. It was many, many days' journey to where the runner's tribe lived by the sea, but Ala said that she felt quite strong again and would go. She grieved to think that she must go where she might never again see her mother and her baby sister, but she knew that if the hunters from Awatobi discovered her, she would be sacrificed.

The next morning, as Kwahu climbed to Ala's hiding place, he carried a light water-bag of skin that

he had filled at the brook. He also had a quantity of piñon nuts, and under one arm he carried a pair of strong deerskin moccasins which he had made for her.

When Ala had eaten and was ready to start, Kwahu packed the rest of the food and wrapped it in cedar bark to protect it.

"I will go one day's journey with you, Ala," he said, "to start you on the way. We will go through the woods at the base of the mountain to where it turns to the west. Where the mountain turns there is a deep ravine. You will go through that, still hidden from the hunters, and that will lead you to another forest."

Then he told her very carefully how she was to travel after that. He fastened on her arm the bracelet that Nucaki had given to him and they started. They made their way slowly through the thick woods, stopping often to rest. The sun rose high in the sky. It began to slope downward, toward its place of setting in the west, and still they were in the woods. Suddenly Kwahu seized Ala and pulled her down quickly beside him on the ground behind a large tree.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I saw some men at the edge of the woods," said Kwahu. "I think it is a party of hunters."

They waited a few seconds and then peered cautiously from their hiding place.

"They are hunters from Awatobi," said Ala. "Tuc-ti, the chief, and my father are with them, and I see others with them who are not of our village."

"The others," said Kwahu, "are my father, old Acmo, and men from Walpi."

The hunters came slowly towards Kwahu and Ala, beating the bushes and looking in all directions, but they did not see the children.

Ala and Kwahu talked excitedly in whispers.

"You must run, Kwahu," said Ala, and her voice trembled. "They will be sure to find me. If they find you with me they will think that I have cast a spell upon you with bad magic. They believe that anyone who is friendly to one accused of having bad magic is either under a spell or has bad magic too."

"I will not run," said Kwahu, as with a bright light in his eyes he looked at the beautiful girl.

A deer, startled by the hunters, dashed from a

clump of trees. It stood frightened a few seconds near the children and then crashed through the underbrush. Kwahu's bow was in his hand but he did not move. His mind was not on hunting. He was thinking of how he would miss Ala and wondering what he could say to the hunters to prevent them from killing her.

"You must go," repeated Ala, and her eyes were full of pleading.

"I will not leave you here alone," the boy said stubbornly.

"I will run to the hunters then," said Ala, as she tried to rise.

"I will run with you, if you do," said Kwahu, as he held her close beside him.

"Let us run away together, then," said Ala. "I do not want to be caught, and I do not want them to catch you."

Close behind the tree was a deep gully into which they slipped noiselessly and then ran as fast as they could towards the open end. Just as they were near the opening, two Indians, who had left the main party of hunters, ran in, and the children were caught

as in a trap. The hunters seized them and called to the others.

Pan-u-wa, Ala's father, and the rest of the men came running up.

Pan-u-wa seized Ala roughly by the shoulder, and shook her. Kwahu wanted to strike him, but he knew that, in the presence of his father and the other men, he must not do it or even speak until they had spoken. He walked quietly to his father's side and stood silent, but not afraid.

"Ala," said Pan-u-wa angrily, "you bring disgrace to your father. You bring famine and death to our tribe. You blow away the clouds, and when the Spirits of the Sky demand you as a sacrifice, you run away. Now you are found and you shall die. Then will the water fall and our people live."

The hunters from Awatobi cast black looks upon Ala and Kwahu. They looked at them with awe and fear, and thought of the dreaded bad magic which they believed both the children possessed. They shrank away from them until there was left around Ala and Kwahu a group that included only Tuc-ti, Kokop, Acmo, and Ala's father.

The children looked steadily at each other. Kwahu tried to tell Ala, with his eyes, to be brave and not fear. Her face showed no fear, but only sadness that he had been caught with her and was now thought to have bad magic.

Pan-u-wa still held Ala as if he feared she had the power to escape even now. Kokop stood, with arms folded across his chest, looking sadly at Kwahu. Acmo looked from the girl to the boy and back again with a puzzled expression on his face. He did not want to believe that Kwahu had bad magic, and there was something in the boy's face that made the old man feel that a mistake was being made.

For many minutes not a word was spoken. The sacrifice of a life was a solemn ceremony among the Indians. It was usually attended with elaborate rites in the village. The sacrifice of Ala must be made doubly solemn. The Indians were very superstitious, and they all felt that the gods were watching them closely and that there on the lonely desert at the edge of the woods they were close, indeed, to the gods.

Kokop was the first to speak. Turning to Kwahu,

he said, in a voice that was steady, but sad and low :
“Did you know that this girl was Ala?”

“Yes,” answered Kwahu.

Kokop paused for a few seconds. Then he said :

“You are my son and a part of me as my hand is a part of my arm. The medicine man has taught you in the kiva the things that you should know and remember. You have grown up strong and straight, as we prayed that you should. You are brave, and a hunter, and although your years are few, you have carried the hopes of our people through those years. It has been spoken in council that you would be a great, good, and wise chief when the time came and the gods called me to them. Now you are found with Ala, the girl of Awatobi who has bad magic and will not let the water fall from the skies when all the people are starving. It is a bad omen. It is not given to me to read the meaning of the omen, but it is bad.”

“May I speak the thoughts that are my thoughts and that make me know that I have done nothing that the gods would not wish me to do?” Kwahu asked, with his eyes still meeting his father’s.

Kokop hesitated. Kwahu had been found with Ala, and yet he said that he had done nothing to displease the gods. It was not the custom for Indian boys to argue with their parents or to dispute their word or authority, but Kwahu was so earnest and Kokop was so anxious to have him prove that he had done no wrong, that he told him to speak.

"I have seen food given freely and gladly to the stranger who has come to our village, even when there was little food. I have been taught in the kiva that it is good that we should do that. Four suns have risen since I found Ala alone in the woods. She was dying of hunger and her lips were dry like the beds of the streams. She ran away from me, but I caught her. She told me she was Ala, and she told me that which I already knew from the runner from Awatobi. She said she did not have bad magic, and I felt that what she spoke was truth.

"I hunted in the forest and found food for her. I fetched water from the spring to her. When the hunters came, she pleaded with me to hide. She told me it would be said that I also had bad magic



because I had done friendly deeds for her. But the Spirits of Good had told me, as I slept, that I was doing no deed that I ought not to do. I would not leave her. I am sad, father, that I make your heart heavy. But that which I have spoken is true."

The other hunters had drawn closer to the small group around the children as Kwahu started to speak, and they all heard what he said. Never before had any Hopi boy spoken so boldly of things that were held sacred, and they were silent.

Kokop was much disturbed by Kwahu's words. In his heart he knew that Kwahu was as good and as free from bad magic as he had been before his meeting with Ala. The traditions of generations, the teachings of the medicine man, and his deep-rooted superstitions, however, raised doubt in his mind.

"Acmo," he said, placing his right hand on the stooped shoulder of the old man, "you are old and you are wise. It may be given to you to read the will of the gods. Light my path with wisdom that I may not set my feet on the wrong trail."

"The boy has not bad magic," said old Acmo, after much thought. "If the gods had been displeased with what he said, his tongue would have shriveled in his mouth like a leaf in the fire."

Tuc-ti and Pan-u-wa had listened with the others. They talked together earnestly as they stepped aside. Then Tuc-ti called the medicine man of Awatobi and bade him to prepare Ala for the sacrifice.

The council of the village of Awatobi had decided that Ala should be offered as a sacrifice to the Spirits of the Sky. Nothing that the boy, Kwahu, had said could change that decision. They had listened to him merely because he was the son of a great and a friendly chief; but his words should not sway them from the path of duty. The sacrifice had already been too long delayed.

Kokop, Acmo, and the other men from Walpi looked on as the Awatobi medicine man bound Ala's arms to her sides. He fastened her feet together with thongs of deerskin, and placed her upon the ground with her head resting on a rock.

She did not speak or show in any way that she

was afraid to die. Her eyes sought Kwahu; but he had turned away, unable to bear the sight of her suffering.

Kwahu knew that his father, even if he wished, could not ask Tuc-ti to stop the sacrifice; for Ala belonged to another village. He also knew that the people of Awatobi, as well as those of Walpi, were starving because of the long drought. All the Indians, including his own father, believed that Ala had blown away the clouds and that the water could not fall from the sky until she was sacrificed.

As Kwahu stood looking towards the east and praying, his heart gave a mighty leap; then it began to thump within him like the beating of a drum. Far away, where the plains seemed to meet the sky, he saw a small black cloud. It was moving rapidly nearer. He knew that it was a cloud like those from which rain fell.

He turned quickly to his father, seized his arm, and pointed to the cloud. Then he looked at Ala. At the same instant the medicine man of Awatobi took in hand a great stone ax to strike the blows that would end Ala's life.

Like a flash Kwahu darted past his father, past the group that surrounded Ala, and, with a bound, jumped between her and the medicine man. Raising both hands above his head, he cried :

“Stop !”

The medicine man let the ax fall upon the ground. He gazed at Kwahu, angrily and yet wonderingly. The hunters of Awatobi rushed up, while Kokop and the men from Walpi also ran forward and formed a circle around the bold lad.

The people of Awatobi had been friendly with those of Walpi for many years. They had exchanged many presents and had danced with each other in the sacred dances. But now the anger of Tuc-ti's hunters, because of Kwahu's interruption of the sacrifice and the quick preparations of Kokop and his men to defend Kwahu, seemed about to sever these friendly relations. A fierce fight might have ensued had not the cooler judgment of the older men prevailed.

“Wait !” cried Acmo, addressing Tuc-ti and his men. “The boy is young and he acts quickly, but he always thinks straight. Look there !” and he

pointed to the cloud in the distance. "There is what we have all been hoping for. Let us listen to the boy, who first saw it, and let no feelings of strife enter our hearts!"

Then Kokop spoke.

"The lad is my son," he said simply. "It will be an honor to me and to my people, who are always friendly to your people, if you will let the boy speak his thoughts."

"This is a great mystery to me and to all of us that are of Awatobi," said Tuc-ti. "What the brave chief Kokop asks of us, however, is already his right. Let the boy speak."

The circle around Kwahu widened, and he stepped forward to a spot where all could see.

"Speak," said Kokop to him, "and may the gods put wisdom in your head and power in your tongue."

The boy was terribly excited and worried, but he stood erect and looked steadily into the faces of the men around him. He knew that if he did not convince them that Ala was innocent of bad magic, she would be sacrificed, and unfriendly feelings would grow between the people of Awatobi and those of

Walpi because of what he had already done. He prayed silently to the Spirits of Good, believing that they would guide him. Only the frequent clasping and unclasping of his hands gave signs of the great strain he was undergoing.

He did not dare to look at Ala lest he might lose the thoughts that were in his mind. She watched him with wonder and admiration in her eyes.

"I am a boy speaking among men," Kwahu said with quiet dignity beyond his years, "I ask much. I have planted many prayer plumes and I have made many prayers that the girl, Ala, be spared and not sacrificed to the Spirits of the Sky. The prayer token has told me that my prayers have pleased the gods. The black cloud which is coming this way is a good omen. It is a messenger from the Spirits of the Sky. I ask you to wait until its message is delivered. If rain does not fall from the cloud, then I am wrong and should be punished for my boldness. If rain does fall from the cloud, then I am right; and the girl has not bad magic, but should be allowed to live."

As Kwahu stopped speaking, every eye was

turned towards the cloud in the sky. It seemed to grow rapidly in size as the wind hurried it towards them. Then, as they watched, another and still another, and then other clouds, suddenly appeared and joined the first cloud. To the boy it seemed as if, in answer to his prayers, the Spirits of the Sky were gathering all their forces and that Those Above were sending the wind to hurry them on.

The Indians silently watched the coming clouds. The sun was setting in the west and the mantle of night was beginning to spread slowly over the skies. Then the first rumble of thunder was heard and faint flashes of distant lightning were seen.

Soon some large drops of rain fell pattering among the trees and were swallowed by the thirsty earth. Then suddenly, with a deafening roar, the clouds seemed to open, and a torrent of rain beat upon the earth and upon the wondering, awe-stricken Indians in the forest. The Spirits of the Sky were appeased. The long drought was ended.





CHAPTER XI

HOME AGAIN

ACROSS the desert the two parties of hunters walked. Their tired bodies were given new life by the rain that had drenched them, and their feet, which had dragged heavily in the burning heat of midday, now stepped lightly in the cool of the evening.

Kokop, Tuc-ti, and old Acmo led the way. Behind them, Kwahu walked. Next came Ala. She looked at the marks on her wrists where the deer thongs had cut deep when she was bound for the sacrifice, but she saw also the bracelet of sea-shells and colored pebbles which Kwahu had given to her. For the moment, the horrors that had tortured her as she lay on the ground waiting for the medicine man of Awatobi to swing the ax that would end her life were forgotten. In her imagination she again saw Kwahu rushing in between her and death. She seemed to hear again his daring appeal to the men

of her tribe to spare her life. She looked at Kwahu, walking proudly before her with head erect and eyes directed forward, and there came into her gentle face an expression which meant more than thankfulness, and her lips moved in a prayer.

When the Indians reached the foot of the many steps that led up to the village of Walpi, they stopped.

"I would speak," said old Acmo, as Tuc-ti and his Indians were about to turn away upon the trail to the village of Awatobi.

Acmo had once been a great chief, and he was now known in all Hopiland as a wise and good man. The Indians gathered around him and waited, silently.

"I have lived long," said old Acmo, "and it has been given to me to see and to read many omens. I have felt the earth tremble and I have seen the great mountains split by the anger of Those Above. When it was much needed, I have seen the rain fall from the clouds after many prayers that pleased the Spirits of the Sky. There are some to whom the power is given to read omens that are hidden even from the medicine men. Since the last rising

of the sun, a boy has read an omen that we did not see. Bravely, and at the right moment, he stopped a sacrifice that would have been displeasing to the gods. It is not yet given to us to know why these things happened so. The time will come when it will be made clear to us. Until that time, let us all remember what we have seen."

While Acmo was talking, Ala stepped to the side of Kwahu.

"This," she said, as she held out the bracelet to him, "is yours."

"I would that you shall wear it always," said Kwahu.

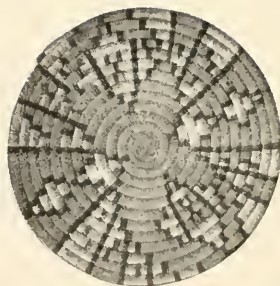
He slipped it again upon her arm. Then he took her hand and breathed upon it.

As Ala walked with her people towards Awatobi, Kwahu watched her, thoughtfully. Then, turning, he climbed slowly up the rough trail and was soon at home again in the house of Yuna, his mother.



PART II

YOUTH



A MEAL BASKET

KWAHU

CHAPTER XII

KWAHU TELLS TABO A SECRET



FROM the top of the mesa at Walpi, Kwahu could look across the varicolored sands of the great desert that stretched in seemingly endless length more than four hundred feet below him, and he could see in the distance the outlines of the mesa on which the town of Awatobi was built. It loomed weird and mysterious in the purple haze that surrounded it.

It was there that Ala lived, and many times the Hopi boy had slipped quietly away from the other children and left them to play noisily at their simple games while he sat and looked longingly towards the distant mesa. Perched on a boulder with the careless grace of a young animal, he spent hours in this way. His eyes saw but vaguely the home of the girl whom he so well remembered, but his thoughts traveled with the speed of the spirits of the winds and carried him to her side. His memory recalled the scenes of the day he had found her

alone in the forest, the terrifying events that followed their capture by the warriors of Awatobi and her narrow escape from being killed as a witch.

He closed his eyes as he remembered how the



great stone ax had been raised above her head and when he opened

them again he smiled happily with the rush of joyousness that came to him in the thought that she still lived.

He was now fifteen years of age. The games and sports of the boys of the village no longer interested him as they had. He was still their leader, exalted to that position by his skill and by the fact that he had hunted with the men and had killed Kwewe the wolf. Nevertheless he was discontented.

Tabo, his closest friend, found Kwahu poor company but was always loyal to him. One day the two boys sat dangling their naked legs over the edge of the roof of Tabo's home listlessly watching some women weaving baskets and gossiping in the open plaza below them. Neither had spoken for a long time. Kwahu's mind was busy with thoughts



"PERCHED ON A BOWLDER HE SPENT HOURS IN THIS WAY"

of Ala. Tabo, naturally full of mischief, soon grew tired of watching the women and turned to where some children were at play near a number of unwatched babies. Hopi boys are fond of teasing and of practical jokes, and Tabo saw many opportunities before him. He would have liked to start some mischief but he knew that Kwahu wanted him to sit beside him; so he waited patiently for his leader to speak.

“We are no longer children, you and I.”

Kwahu spoke these words as if he had just reached that final decision after long thought. Tabo's eyes filled with sympathy, as he noted the dull voice of his leader and its tone of wistfulness, but he did not answer.

The noonday sun shifted to the western sky and blazed fiercely in the faces of the two boys. Tabo looked longingly at a near-by shaded shelter, but Kwahu sat, unnoticing, with his lithe legs huddled up against his body and his arms clasped around his knees. Suddenly he rose and started towards the notched log that served as the ladder, or stairway, down to the next lower elevation.

"Come," he said, "we will go for a walk."

Tabo followed without question. They climbed down two tiers by the notched logs to the plaza. Then they turned their faces towards the south end of the mesa and walked past the high, strangely formed rock close to which many of the religious ceremonies were held; past the small square opening of one of the sacred kivas on the side of the plaza nearest to the edge of the mesa; past the top of the steep and winding trail that led up from the desert plain below, and on beyond the last of the stone houses to the farther end of the mesa. There they seated themselves in the welcome shade of a boulder.

"Do you know," asked Kwahu, pointing, "where that smoke is that we see in the distance?"

"Yes," said Tabo, "it is at Awatobi where the girl Ala lives."

Kwahu turned quickly and faced him.

"Why do you name Ala? Have you read the thoughts that are in my mind?"

"I cannot read the thoughts that are yours," answered Tabo seriously, "but when you have left

us at our play and slipped quietly off I have followed you at a distance. You have changed in your ways, and the new look in your eyes filled me with mystery and some fear for you. I followed to watch and to be near if you should need help in what you were going to do. At first I did not understand why you came here alone; but soon it was given to me to know why, and I no longer followed you."

"What is your meaning?" asked Kwahu.

"One does not sit here often and long, merely to look at the sandy plains and the Awatobi mesa beyond."

"It soothes the eyes like sleep," said Kwahu, turning slightly away from his chum.

Suddenly Tabo jumped up in a rage of jealous anger.

"You say what is not truth," he blazed forth at his surprised leader, and as he spoke his whole body shook and his lips trembled. "It is not the plains or the mesa of Awatobi that brings you here. It is the girl, Ala, who lives in Awatobi. We who have made you our leader, who have played with you all

our lives and have taken you into our hearts and shared what we had with you — we are not good enough for you !”

Kwahu tried to stop him, but Tabo kept on, the words tumbling from his lips in a swift torrent, as if struggling for outlet.

“You throw us aside as my sister Buli throws aside a doll that no longer amuses her. We make up a new game in your honor, as if you were a great chief, and when the time comes to surprise you with it, you are not to be found. No ; you are off here gazing across the plains towards Ala ; and, for all you care, we do not exist ! We are nothing to you. We are only your friends, but Ala is to you like the daughter of the gods ! You —”

With a quick spring, like that of a mountain lion, Kwahu seized his friend around the body with one arm and placed a hand over the mouth of the excited boy.

“Stop, stop !” he shouted in Tabo’s ear. “You must not talk so !”

There was a short struggle, but Kwahu being the stronger soon forced Tabo to sit down beside

him. Tabo turned his back to his chum and buried his head in his hands. His back trembled, and the muscles under his clear, bronze skin twitched, but he made no sound.

Kwahu watched him sorrowfully until he grew calmer and then spoke to him, gently.

"Tabo," he said, "you are my dearest friend, and I would rather that Kwewe the wolf, had killed me than that you should turn against me. I have not thrown you aside and will not, ever. But you do not understand. The gods have put something new and strange and wonderful in my heart. Sometimes it beats so hard and fast and so loudly that I think I can hear it and that it will burst from my body. At other times it seems to stop, and then I wish that I might lie down somewhere quite alone and wait for the spirits of death to take me with them back to the center of the earth, where the sun never shines and where the wind does not whisper of things which can never be ours, and where all is still."

Kwahu's voice trailed off to almost a whisper as he finished speaking, and he sat looking sadly

towards Awatobi. Tabo turned slowly towards him and placed his hand upon Kwahu's shoulder.

"I am sorry. If I can help you, I will. Tell me of Ala."

Kwahu's face brightened, and after gazing some time towards Awatobi, he spoke:

"When I first saw Ala crouching in fear in the forest, I wanted only to set her free from her troubles and let her go her way while I went mine. Now I want to have her with me always. I want to care for her, protect her, provide for her, and to grow old with her ever by my side. I did not know that I felt that way when we parted at the foot of the trail and she went with her people to Awatobi. I did not know it until many moons had passed. In my dreams I hear her voice; I hear her laughter like the gentle rippling of a mountain stream over its pebbly bed. I want to build a house for her that shall be hers. I want to grow corn for her, and I want to sit in the doorway and watch her grind it and make our piki. I am already hers. I want her to be mine."

Kwahu paused. Then he added: "It is told."

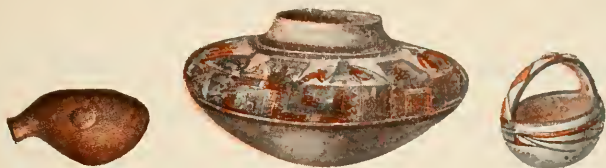
Like all Indians the Hopi boy was by nature a boy of few words. He had never talked so freely and never told so much of what he felt. Tabo thought long over what his chum had said before he answered.

"What you wish for, Kwahu, is not a dream that comes out of the nowhere and disappears quickly into the nowhere. Something tells me that what you wish to be, will be."

The boys rose and started back towards the village. "But I am not yet a man, and what I wish to do is a man's deed," said Kwahu.

"You forget," answered his chum, "that when the sun grows cold and the leaves are stripped from the trees you will pass through the New Fire ceremony and will then have the standing in the village, not of a boy any longer, but of a man."





CHAPTER XIII

THE WÜWÜTCIMTI

FROM the time a Hopi Indian boy is born until he is buried, every important event in his life is celebrated with some sort of ceremony. As his life is very simple and lacking in variety, many happenings that would seem of small importance to the white man are really of great importance in the mind of the Hopi Indian. The ceremonies are almost entirely religious in character. They usually last for several days and sometimes continue through the nights. The Hopi have a great and unshakable faith in the power of their gods. They believe implicitly that if they conduct themselves as their gods desire, they will be granted the good will, help, or protection for which they ask. The shorter ceremonies are held during the spring and summer months when the Hopi have little time to spare from the labors in the sandy

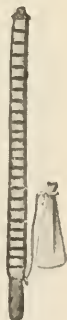
fields at the foot of the mesa. The longer ceremonies are held in the late fall and winter months.

Among the most important to the Hopi boy is the Wüwütcimti, of which the New Fire ceremony forms a part. There were four great societies or fraternities (sometimes called priesthoods) in ancient Walpi to one of which, at least, each male member of the village belonged.

At length the summer was ended, and the days were rapidly becoming shorter as well as cooler. The corn had been gathered and painfully carried, in large woven reed baskets, up the steep trail to the second tier of the village, where it was stored in two great rooms. The cracks in the houses had been filled anew with adobe mud against the cold winds of winter. Fresh antelope skins had been hung in the doorway; stores of piñon nuts, dried rabbit, deer, and antelope meat and squashes, as well as quantities of preserves made from the fruit of the yucca, had been hung in each house; a plentiful supply of twigs and broken boughs had been gathered for fuel; and Walpi was ready for winter and for its long series of religious ceremonies.

To many the Snake dance and the Flute ceremony were most important; but all of Kwahu's interest was centered in the Wüwütcimti ceremony.

For several days before the ceremony was announced, he and Tabo gathered wood and laid it in neat piles near the ladders leading down through the square openings of the four sacred underground kivas. As they worked, they saw the chiefs of the four societies that control this ceremony climb up to one of the deserted rooms on the second tier to smoke and prepare prayer offerings. Later, one of the chiefs carried the prayer offerings, sticks with feathers fastened to them with delicate strips of yucca fiber, and a lighted pipe to an aged Indian in a near-by house. This Indian was a sort of town crier. At early dawn the following morning, carrying the prayer sticks, he went to the narrow place in the mesa near the head of the trail, scattered sacred meal across the path and placed on the meal a whitened elk horn to indicate that the gates of the village, as it were, were closed to all visitors and that any who attempted to cross that



line of meal during the several days of the ceremony would be unwelcome and would be killed. Next, the crier mounted the roof of the house where the chiefs had met to smoke, and in a very loud voice announced the time that the ceremony would begin. His words carried not only an announcement but also a prayer as follows :

“ All people awake, open your eyes, arise !

Become children of light, vigorous, active, sprightly.

Hasten clouds, from the four world quarters.

Come snow, in plenty, that water may be plenty when summer comes.

Come ice, and cover the fields, that after planting they may yield plentifully.

Let all hearts be glad.

The Wüwütcimti will assemble in four days.

They will encircle the village, dancing and singing their songs.

Let the women be ready to pour water upon them,

That moisture may come in abundance and all shall rejoice.”

Tabo looked forward with glee to the fun of the public dances that would follow the sacred ceremonies in the kivas ; but to Kwahu the ceremony of his coming initiation into the society and his consequent rise to the sphere of manhood was a very serious affair.

On the morning of the day that Kwahu was to be called to the ceremony he saw prayer sticks planted in the ground at the entrances to the kivas, and he knew that the chiefs were making ready.

Could he have entered one of the kivas, he would have seen the chiefs making the new fire which was to consume all germs and purify all who participated in the ceremony. The fire was kindled with fire sticks which were rubbed together quickly and hard until a spark dropped upon the shredded cedar bark or dried grass placed ready for it. It would be kept constantly burning by an old man who never left it but sat crouched beside it, constantly replenishing it with the wood which Kwahu and the other boys had gathered.

All that day Kwahu nervously waited in his home for the summons to the kiva. Just at sunset old Acmo led him to the opening of the kiva. There he took off his moccasins and threw a handful of meal upon the fire burning in the kiva. With his hair hanging loosely, and quite naked, he



placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder. Immediately he was seized by two Indians and carried down the ladder to a corner, where he was placed upon an outspread blanket. An emblem made of a woodpecker's feather was fastened to his scalp, and all the men in the kiva began to sing, each group singing its own songs and all in different tunes. After these songs, prayers were said by the priests. Next, one of the priests began to climb the ladder, and Kwahu was motioned to follow him. When all had reached the surface of the plaza a procession was formed, which marched in zigzag style around the village.

Upon his return to the kiva, Kwahu was rubbed with yellow mud and marked with a stripe around the leg below the knee and two black finger marks down each cheek. The members of the society carried their food from their homes to the kiva, where they prepared and ate it; but Kwahu was not allowed to eat or drink until the fifth day. He was placed in a corner, and a blanket was stretched across the opening so that he could not see the sun. He was subjected to severe tests, and many times,

at night, was taken out under guard and made to run naked around the village, in the cold, sometimes in weird dances and at other times at top speed over dangerous paths. Many men, sometimes naked, sometimes grotesquely dressed, painted, and masked, accompanied him. Once he was kept out all night. It was bitterly cold, but he uttered not a word of complaint.

On the morning of the fifth day a fine feast was spread in the kiva, with six kinds of food, and Kwahu ate for the first time since the beginning of his initiation. What seemed to him more important than merely satisfying his terrible hunger, was the fact that he was permitted to eat with the other members of the society. He was now, except for a few final ceremonies, raised to the position of recognized manhood. He wanted to shout for joy, but he restrained himself and was careful not to speak until one of the men spoke to him.

Early in the afternoon of the same day, Kwahu marched with the men around the village, visiting each house. Around his neck, like a necklace, he wore tufts of rabbit skin; and similar tufts were

suspended by delicate strips of yucca fiber from the pierced lobes of his ears. His hair was drawn to the front of his head in a conical coil over the forehead and bound with corn husks. In his right hand he carried an ear of corn. They marched or



ran in groups, singing a number of weird songs as they went, while one of the party beat violently and irregularly upon a drum made by stretching a thin piece of deerskin tightly across a piece of the hollow trunk of a cottonwood tree. All pointed with their ears of corn at the women and teased them. The women retaliated by throwing water and other things at them. This procession proceeded to an open space reserved for dancing, where Kwahu and the others danced steadily for more than an hour before returning for the night to the kiva.

During the next four days there were more processions and dances and visits to the women of the village, but no more teasing or water throwing. On the night of the ninth day great bonfires were built in the plaza, and a general rejoicing was held. At

its close Kwahu was escorted back to his home by old Acmo. He quickly fell asleep after the trials and fatigue of his strange experience, happy in the thought that now that he was acknowledged as a man, he could seek Ala as one rightfully seeking a wife.



CHAPTER XIV

IN AWATOBI



IN the home of Panawu at Awatobi, three maidens knelt before a metate, or mealing trough, grinding corn. Two of them sang happily and now and then stopped to gossip and laugh, but the third worked silently. She kept her eyes fixed upon the metate, and occasionally she sighed.

When she had ground all the corn in her trough, she rose to get more from a pile in a corner of the room. It was then that her mother called to her from where she sat watching in the doorway.

"Come to me, my daughter," she said, "and tell me why it is that while the other maidens sing, as it is well that they should, you are silent."

Ala squatted in the doorway and lifted her eyes to her mother's face. Her eyes were large and

round, black and beautiful, but sad like the eyes of a wounded animal that fears the touch of rude hands. The late afternoon sun fell full upon her and touched with brightening fingers of light the glossy whorls of raven hair at the sides of her head and the firm, smooth bronze flesh of her straight lithe body.

Her mother watched her long and steadily as the girl stood motionless looking off towards the north, where nothing was to be seen but the dim outlines of a distant mesa and a suggestion of endless sandy plains around and beyond it.

The mother was old and wrinkled, her back was bent with the hard work of many years, her eyes were weak, and her hands feeble; but her heart was strong, and her mind was active. Her heart beat for the girl whom all but she had thought a witch, and her mind grasped truly, with the intuition of a mother, the thoughts of the girl. "You have waited a long time, my daughter," she said tenderly, "and there has been no sign."

"I have waited a long time," replied the girl sadly.

"You are now a maiden, ready for marriage," continued her mother, "and there are many young

men who come to our village whose eyes are often upon you."

"They are to me," said Ala, "as if they did not exist."

"They are worthy young men," ventured her mother.

"I would say naught against any one of them," Ala replied seriously, "but the presents which they bring I refuse, and though they come again and again I will not smile upon them."

"But," persisted her mother, "they are willing and anxious to marry with you, and it is well that you should marry. They seek you, while the other who is in your mind has made no sign."

Ala thought long before she spoke again.

"There are many birds in the forest. None directs how they shall mate, but, by the will of the gods, those birds that are intended to mate do mate at the proper time. I am now a girl grown to maidenhood and, as you say, ready for marriage, but I do not feel that it is the will of the gods that I shall mate with one of those that seek me now. When the proper time comes I shall mate, and I hope that

I shall mate as happily as do the birds. I shall know when that time has come, and I shall wait."

The old woman nodded her head slowly, drew her blanket more closely about her, and turned away. The girl returned to her grinding.

To Ala the days seemed longer than ever before, and she was lonesome. She performed carefully and faithfully the tasks assigned to her, but when they were finished she did not join the other maidens, but sat alone in her home or sought some unfrequented spot far from the houses and the people. The sun warmed her body but not her heart; the occasional showers revived her physically but not mentally; the calm of the early evening communicated no calm to her.

In her many hours of solitary thought she pieced together the incidents of her brief acquaintance with Kwahu until they became a complete, vivid, never-to-be-forgotten chapter of her life, which in her mind she lived over and over again. Her memory picture of him was that of a strong, lithe, bright-eyed boy, serious at times beyond his years, but brave and gentle withal. She remembered his little peculiar-

ities of movement and speech, and wondered whether these had disappeared as he grew into manhood. She hoped they had not, because she liked them.

One morning as she paced restlessly up and down a rough path at the north end of the mesa of Awatobi, she glanced towards Walpi and saw something that caused her to stop suddenly, shield her eyes with her hands, and look intently at a moving speck in the middle distance. Even though her hopes half persuaded her that she recognized it, she at first dismissed the possibility from her mind and continued her restless walk. She glanced frequently in the direction of the moving speck. Finally she ran to the very edge of the mesa and, throwing herself flat upon the rocks, fixed her gaze upon the figure of what she could now see was a man.

• Nearer and nearer it came, slowly but surely growing larger, while her heart beat fast alternately with hope and fear; and long before she could recognize his features Ala discerned a tossing of the man's head, a habit that Kwahu had when he was happy.

She waited no longer, but hurried back to her

home. Her mother was busy painting a food bowl.

"He is coming!" said Ala.

"Who is it that is coming, my child?" asked her mother, bewildered.

"The one who has been always in my mind."

"It is pleasing to me that he should come," her mother replied, as she hurried to light a fire so that she might cook piki to offer to him when he arrived.

Ala swept the floor clean and piled several antelope skins in one corner. Then she sat down on the east side of the room near the doorway to wait. She picked up a half-finished woven reed basket, but she worked slowly and her usually deft fingers fumbled badly; and soon she set it aside and fell to toying with a curious bracelet that she wore upon her arm. It was made of small sea shells and bright-colored pebbles. It was the only ornament she wore.



She had hoped and prayed that Kwahu would come to her, but always with the fear deep down in

her heart that he would not come. Now that she waited for the sound of his voice, which she was sure she would soon hear, she realized as never before how very much she had wanted him. She tried to think of commonplace things to say to him, but through her mind there ran only the one thought, "He is coming. He is coming." A dozen times she thought approaching footsteps were his, but each time they passed the open doorway. Then suddenly, without having heard any warning footsteps, she heard his voice.

"I have come; I am here."

He could not see her. He was speaking to her mother, who rose and went to meet him.

"It pleases me that you have come," answered the old woman; "come in; sit down."

As he stepped in through the doorway, he passed so close to Ala, without seeing her, that she could have touched him. Moved by an instant impulse, she rose quickly and slipping noiselessly out of the doorway behind him, ran quickly towards the north end of the mesa. Her mind was in a whirl. She was so excited that she did not want to meet him until

she had had time to collect her senses, and she did not want to talk with him in the presence of her mother. She knew that he would find her.

While she was fleeing from him, Kwahu stood in her house loosening from his back a sheath of deer-skin which he held out to her mother.

"I come to marry with Ala," he said simply, "and I bring these poor presents for her, for you, and for Panawu. I am no longer the boy that I was. I am a man, a hunter and a warrior."

"My husband and I are honored by your presents, and I thank you for both. My daughter may accept your presents if she wishes. Ala, come to me."

As she spoke, the old woman turned to where Ala had been seated.

"She is not here. She is gone!" she exclaimed in surprise.

Kwahu concealed his anxiety as he slowly took the presents he had brought from their deerskin sheath and placed them carefully upon the pile of antelope skins. Then as he walked deliberately towards the doorway he said:

"I will find her."

“If you would find her, walk to the north end of the mesa,” suggested Ala’s mother. “She goes often in that direction.”

“I shall do as you say,” replied Kwahu; and he climbed down the notched log to the main plaza of the village.

He looked up quickly at the groups of children, young men, and maidens who had gathered in curiosity to watch him. The whole village of Awatobi guessed why he had journeyed from Walpi, and being fond of both gossip and jokes, they were ready to make fun at his expense. Kwahu knew this, and his glance rested on the various groups only long enough to assure him that Ala was not in sight. Then he turned and walked quickly through the plaza. Good-natured jeering remarks followed him.

“I wish he came for me,” giggled one maiden.

“What would you do?” asked another.

“I would send him home to bring a man in his stead,” shouted the first maiden so loudly that Kwahu could not help but hear.

“Yes, he is only a boy,” shouted another.

Kwahu paid no attention to these or many similar remarks, but when a young man shouted after him: "See, he comes for Ala, the witch," Kwahu turned quickly and started angrily after the tormentor, who ran to a place of safety where he stood performing a pantomime of mock fear and derision that convulsed the watching villagers with laughter.

Kwahu stood for a moment undecided, and then hurried off on his search for Ala. Once beyond the houses, he stood and looked in all directions for signs of the girl. All he saw was a rocky tableland crossed by a single dimly defined path. He followed the path, and as it wound its way around a large boulder, he came suddenly upon Ala. She was standing with her back towards him. As she heard his footsteps, she turned quickly and started as if to run, but he caught her arm gently and held her.

"I have come for you," he said, with unembellished directness.

Ala was silent. She kicked some pebbles nervously with her foot, but she did not look at the young Walpi warrior.

"I have said that I have come for you," spoke he. "Have you nothing to say to me?"

Ala drew herself up proudly, raised her head, and stepped a pace further from him.

"Is it in your thoughts," she asked, "that I have been waiting for you to come for me?"

"I have dared to hope only that my coming would not be unwelcome," he answered seriously.

"Many young men come and bring presents to me. Why should not they also be as welcome as you?"

"The presents which the other young men bring to you do not mean to them what the presents that I bring to you mean to me. Their thoughts of you are like the weeds that come up quickly; they are doomed to be short lived. But my thoughts of you are like the corn that grows more slowly but gains lasting strength with each day. The weed is torn up and cast aside without a thought, but the corn is not trampled down. It is tested, and if it is good it is taken into our homes. My love for you is like the corn and should be tested. Will you not test it, and if it is good, will you not take it into your heart?"



“HE KNEW THAT HE HAD RECEIVED HIS ANSWER”

Without speaking, Ala turned her head away and shyly held out her left arm towards him.

Kwahu saw upon Ala's arm the bracelet of sea shells and pebbles that he had given to her, and he knew that he had received his answer.

They talked until the sun gave them warning that night would soon draw her cloak of darkness about them. There was much to tell of their doings in the seasons since they met, many memories to revive and review, and many plans to make; but finally they rose and started to the village.

"It makes me glad that you wear my bracelet," said the youth.

"I have worn it always, as you said that I should," the girl replied.

"In your father's house are other presents for you, but here is one that I wish to give you now."

As he spoke, he drew from a pouch at his belt a necklace curiously wrought of roughly polished turquoise and bits of quartz crystal, so dear to the Hopi heart, and placed it around her neck.

"I have breathed a prayer for you upon each stone."

CHAPTER XV

THE WEDDING



AS is the custom among the Hopi Indians, the bride-to-be neither asks nor receives any suggestions from her parents or friends as to the selection of her wedding day. When Ala decided that she was ready to be married she notified her mother and at once her hair, which had been worn in two whorls or coils at the sides, was taken down and dressed again by tying it in two loose knots. Then Ala and her mother started out at once on the journey from Awatobi to the home of Kokop, Kwahu's father, at Walpi. Her mother, besides carrying a white ceremonial blanket with a red and blue border, which Ala would wear during the wedding ceremony, bore very carefully a flat basket of meal made from white corn.

When they arrived in the late afternoon at the home of Kokop in Walpi, Ala's mother called out, "Take this!" and the antelope skin across the

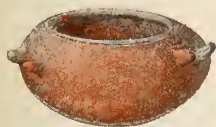
doorway was pushed aside by Kwahu's mother who answered, "Thank you ; come in." Ala entered, but her mother went to the home of Tabo's mother, whose guest she was to be during the ceremony.

Kwahu was not at home. He was loitering in the kiva of the society to which he belonged and trying very hard to look as if he was not in the least interested in Ala's arrival. That night Ala slept with Kwahu's mother, and in the morning she was put to work grinding corn. Except for a few stolen glances the two young people acted as if neither knew that the other was present. Ala ground corn steadily until late in the afternoon. Then she was motioned to a seat on a pile of folded antelope skins in one corner of the house ; there she sat all the evening. Very little conversation was held with her during the time she spent in Kwahu's home before the wedding ceremony ; for the Hopi believe that the bride-to-be should be given the time to think about her coming responsibilities and, indeed, to change her mind if she wants to.

All during the next two days she ground corn, but on the evening of the third day girl friends

carried trays of meal to the door of the house and left them there for her. On the morning of the fourth day, which is called the wedding day proper, these trays were filled with ears of corn and returned to the givers by Kwahu's mother.

Long before sunrise of the fourth day, Kwahu's mother awakened Ala, and at about the same time Ala's mother arrived. Kwahu and his father then arose, and soon a number of female relatives of both families began to arrive, singly and in pairs, each carrying a small vessel filled with water. A large vessel of boiling water stood before the fire that Kwahu's mother had built in the middle of the room. Most of the women gathered around Ala, while Kwahu sat beside his father, who was the only man present.



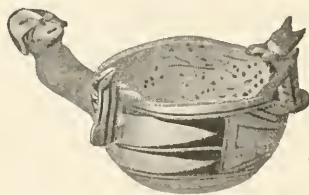
The mothers of the two young people at once began to prepare, in



two large bowls, a suds made with the pounded roots of yucca, adding warm water from the vessel by the fire. While this was being done, one of the

women untied Ala's hair and shook it out. The bowls of suds were then placed side by side near the center of the room and Ala and Kwahu were gently pushed towards them. Each knelt on a folded skin before a bowl. Opposite Ala, Kwahu's mother knelt, and opposite Kwahu was Ala's mother.

The two women then began to thoroughly wash the heads of the young people, and in this ceremony they were helped from time to time by nearly all of the women in the room. After the heads of the two



had been washed in individual bowls, a single bowl was substituted and their hair dipped together into it and washed again. Al-

though other ceremonies were to follow in the course of the wedding celebration, this washing of the hair together in one bowl was really the actual marrying act, as it was supposed to make them one.

During the double hair washing there was much fun and laughter. Several of the women tried to force themselves in between Kwahu and Ala and pretended to take Ala's place. Kwahu was dressed

as he always was, but Ala wore over her left shoulder the beautiful white ceremonial blanket with red and blue border that her mother had brought from Awatobi.

When this ceremony was ended, Kwahu rose and returned to his father's side, while Ala went over and sat on the pile of skins at the other side of the room. Then Ala's father entered. There were greetings, but no congratulations.

The bowls were next filled with fresh water. Kwahu's mother took off Ala's white blanket and invited her to kneel again by her bowl. Then, assisted by the other women, she washed first the upper part of Ala's body and then her feet. Next Ala was sent to sit beside the fire to dry and get warm, and Kwahu was made to kneel



beside his bowl where he was washed in much the same way. Then the women poured over them the water they had brought in their small vessels, after which Kwahu went and sat beside Ala in front of the fire.

A little while later, just as the sun was rising, Kwahu's mother handed them each a pinch of meal. They went together out of the house, down the notched logs, and across the plaza to the very edge of the mesa where they threw the meal over the edge towards the rising sun. Before they sprinkled the meal they held it to their lips and each breathed a silent prayer for a long and prosperous life.

Upon their return to Kwahu's home, most of the visitors went away. Ala's mother built a fire under the piki stone, and then she too went away. Ala took meal and made a large quantity of piki, or paper bread, and also assisted Kwahu's mother in the preparation of the morning meal, which was in reality the wedding feast. When this meal was prepared the guests at the ceremony and other visitors came and ate of it. The floor, swept perfectly clean, served as a table.

Although Ala and Kwahu laughed and joked with the visitors, they were really at heart very sober. When Ala was not busy passing around the food, Kwahu sat very close to her and looked at her in a way that pleased her very much. They did not

dare try to talk very much because they knew that the visitors were only waiting for a chance to overhear some sentimental remark and to tease them unmercifully.

After the feast was eaten, however, they were left alone for a while. Kokop took a bag of cotton and ran through the village to distribute it to friends who picked the seeds out of it and returned it. Later it would be made into ceremonial garments to be worn in other features of the wedding celebration which would last for six or eight weeks.

Now that their relatives and friends had departed, the young couple were left alone in the house. They sat silent by the fire for a long time, each busy with thoughts of the new life before them. Finally Kwahu rose and, drawing Ala to her feet, led her to the doorway.

"See," he said. "Look about you at the sun, at the sky, and at the growing corn at the foot of the mesa. The sun is not brighter than your smile. The sun warms my body, but your smile warms my heart. The sky is not more clear than your eyes, nor is it so beautiful to me. The corn grows and

our people tend it carefully, but the time comes when it is cut down and is no more. My love for you grows even faster and stronger than the corn and it is a thing most precious to me, but the time will never come when it will be no more. It will live always."

As Kwahu spoke, Ala moved closer to him until, where the sun had cast two shadows on the floor of the room behind them, there was now only one shadow. When he ceased speaking, Ala placed her arm upon his shoulder and said, "You are good to me, my husband."

It was the first time that she had called him husband. He turned quickly towards her; their hands met and remained clasped while they continued to talk.

"The eagle builds a nest for its mate. He hunts for it and protects it. The wild animals of the forest do likewise. Why should not I, to whom you are more truly a mate, do at least what the birds and the animals do."

"What you tell me," said Ala, "is more welcome than is the water that falls in the dry season.

It sounds sweeter than the song of the bluebird — and I am happy.”

“When the clouds come in our sky —”

Kwahu ceased speaking suddenly as he felt Ala’s body tremble against his.

“What has frightened you, my shy fawn?” he asked.

“The clouds, the clouds,” she cried in a gasping voice. “Let us not speak of them. They make me remember the day when you saved me from the sacrifice. The thought that I owe my life to you is sweet, but I do not like to think of how nearly we were separated forever. And then —”

She paused.

“And then — what?” asked Kwahu, puzzled and worried by the fear in her eyes.

“Do your people —”

She paused again and buried her head against his shoulder.

He raised her head and held her face so that he could look straight into her eyes.

“Tell me,” he said very gently, stroking her hair, “what it is that is in your thoughts.”

She bore his searching gaze steadily and what she saw in his eyes gave her strength and hope. Clasp-
ing one of his hands in both of hers, she said, almost
in a whisper :

“Do your people still think I am a witch ?”

A frown furrowed his forehead for a second. Then
he smiled and patted her cheek.

“Do they treat you as if they thought so ?”

“No, your people could do no more for me to make
me feel as if this village was my village and I was one
of your people.”

“You are truly one of our people, and all the village
is glad. See, here come more of our maidens to
bring presents to you.”

Kwahu pointed to a group of girls who were
bringing various large and small objects as wedding
gifts.

After the girls had gone Tabo, followed by most of
the boys of the village, approached and formed a
semicircle in front of Kwahu and Ala. Each boy
kept his hands behind him and all tried to look very
solemn, but the smiles that struggled on their lips
warned Kwahu to look out for some practical joke

and he shifted his position slightly so that Ala was behind him.

"You have come? You are here?" asked Kwahu.

"Yes," answered Tabo, who seemed to be the selected spokesman. "We have come. We are here!"

"For what reason have you come?" asked Kwahu.

"We come to offer a present to your wife," answered Tabo.

"Not to me also?" asked Kwahu, smiling, but mystified.

"Not to you also," answered Tabo. "It is something that by our laws must belong to your wife and not to you, so we want to offer it to her."

Ala stepped from behind her husband and took one step towards the semicircle of boys.

"I am here," she said, "and whatever you offer to me I will take and always prize."

It was the first time that the boys had met Ala, although they had watched her somewhat jealously from a distance. Her gracious manner and her friendly smile met answering smiles and sheepish grins that proved a friendship well begun.

When Tabo spoke again he talked very fast, as if in fear that he would forget a speech which he had evidently learned with great care.

“We have no skins, blankets, beads, or eagle feathers to give to you,” he said, “but we offer you all that we have.”

He paused, as if by a prearranged signal, and all the boys thrust their hands outward, palms up, towards Ala. Then, after looking around the semicircle to see that every hand was extended, Tabo continued.

“We have only our hands, but we offer them to build for you a house in which we hope that you will live happily for many seasons.”

Both Ala and Kwahu were surprised and pleased. Ala nudged Kwahu and motioned him to answer Tabo's speech; but he only smiled and whispered to her that the present was being offered to her and not to him. She therefore stepped to the center of the semicircle and sat down upon the ground with her feet doubled under her. Then she motioned to the boys to seat themselves in a circle around her.

"The chief," she said, "has his eagle feathers, and he is proud of them. The young hunters have their skins, and their breasts swell when they point to them; the women have their blankets, which mean much to them; but the house that you boys will build for me will be more to me than all of those put together. It will always be open to you and to your wives when you are married."

Then the boys, all talking excitedly at once, told her of their plans and how they had watched the men build, and how their fathers would see that they built well.

"Where will you build it?" asked Ala.

"That," answered Tabo, "is a great secret."

Ala laughed and disappeared into the house, soon to return with piki, dried meat, and piñon nuts which she spread before the boys.

Kwahu stood with folded arms in the doorway watching until the feast had been eaten. Then he stepped into the circle.

"For many many moons I was your leader, and we were happy together," he said. "Now I am a man and can no longer lead you. Many times have you

given me my wish, and now I would ask one last thing."

"What is it?" the boys asked in chorus.

"My wish is not to be given me unless it is the wish of all of you."

"Speak!" some one shouted.

"I should like to see Tabo your new leader," he said simply.

Immediately the air was filled with shrill whoops and shouts and, before he knew what was happening, Tabo found himself in the center of a circle of boys who danced wildly around him, then stopped suddenly and formed themselves in a group behind him indicating that they would follow wherever he led.

As they finally trooped down to the plaza, Kwahu and Ala sat down by the fire and began to talk of the house that was to be built for them.



CHAPTER XVI

BUILDING THE BRIDE'S HOUSE



OLD Acmo stood beside the ladder leading down through the square opening into a kiva. He was about to descend when Tabo and most of the boys of the village ran up to him. They crowded around him and talked and gesticulated excitedly until Tabo, now their new leader, raised his hand. When the noise ceased, Tabo spoke.

“Kwahu, who was our leader but is now a man, has married Ala, and we want to build a house for her. For a long time we have all worked hard gathering stones of the right kind and rubbing many of them smooth with harder stones. We have dragged heavy logs, for roof beams, close to the place where we want to build and have hidden them there. Will you direct the ceremony of building and ask some of the men to help us

with the harder work that our arms are not strong enough to do?"

"It is a pleasing thing for you to think of," answered old Acmo. "I will help you. Does Ala know?"

"We told her," said Tabo.

Then he told the old man of their meeting with Ala and of their plans.

"Where do you want to build this house?" Acmo asked.

"At the south end of the mesa."

"Why there?"

"It is a secret," answered the youthful leader, "but Ala and Kwahu will be pleased."

Early the next morning old Acmo and many of the young men of the village went with Tabo and the boys to the south end of the mesa to the spot selected for the new house. It was close to the boulder where the chums had sat when Kwahu first told Tabo of his feelings toward Ala. The boys did not understand why Tabo had selected this spot, but as he was their leader and it was his plan, they made no objections.

Obedying old Acmo's directions, Tabo paced off the dimensions of the house, about ten feet by eight feet, and small stones were placed on the ground to mark the corners of the walls. Then, while the men and boys carried or dragged the stones and beams from their hiding places to within handy reach of the outlined house, Tabo went to the home of Kokop the chief.

Kokop, although he already knew all about Tabo's plans, listened attentively while the boy explained that they were ready to build and wanted the tokens that should be used.

Kokop invited Tabo to enter the house and sit down. Then he took a small oblong wooden box from a ledge formed by a projecting piece of stone, and from the box he took a number of eagle feathers.



These feathers formed an important part of the wealth of the Hopi chief and were so highly valued that they were used only in certain important ceremonies. The chief took four feathers, and to the stem of each he tied a string of cotton. Next he sprinkled them with sacred white meal, and

holding them close to his lips, breathed upon each a prayer to the sun and to the other Hopi gods that are believed to control their home life. The prayers asked for the good will of the gods towards the house to be built and towards the people who were to occupy it. Finally he handed the feathers to Tabo, saying :

“Go. May the house prove strong and comfortable. Place the doorway to the east so that the sun may brighten the greater part of the day and keep warm the feelings that are now in the hearts of Ala and my son.”

Tabo was about to run back to the others, when Kwahu's mother stopped him to hand him two bowls partially filled with food, another bowl filled with piki crumbs and fragments of food, and a handful of white meal.

“Acmo,” she said, “will tell you what to do with these.”

Then the boy hurried to the south end of the mesa. He placed the four eagle feathers, the two bowls of food, the bowl of piki crumbs, and the white meal at the feet of old Acmo and waited.

The old man took up the white meal and drew lines with it on the ground, marking the location of the four walls of the house. Then, under his orders, Tabo placed one of the eagle feathers at each corner of the house and with the help of the other boys placed a heavy stone over each feather, throwing aside the small stones that had first been placed at the corners to mark



them. Next, the place for the doorway, facing the east, was selected and the bowls partly filled with



food were placed on either side of what was to be the opening, to indicate the wish of the builders that there should always be food in the house.

The boys were then called to old Acmo who told each to fill his hands from the bowl of piki crumbs and food fragments, to which he added tobacco from the deerskin pouch that hung at his waist. In single file the boys walked slowly around the outlined house from right to left sprinkling the piki crumbs, mixed with food fragments and tobacco, and singing, as they went, the house song to the sun:

“Si-ai, a-hai, si-ai, a-hai.”

This ceremony was intended to "surround the house with plenty" and had much the same significance as the placing of the bowls of food on each side of the doorway.

Neither Ala nor Kwahu went near the place where their house was being built, nor did they speak of it to the boys or to the older people of the village, although they often talked to each other about it. Kwahu guessed why Tabo had selected the south end of the mesa, but he did not tell Ala. She was pleased because it would be a little distance from the other houses, and she could not quite overcome the feeling that the people of Walpi still remembered how she had been called a witch in her home at Awatobi. Despite what Kwahu had told her and the presents that had been given to her, she felt that she was feared. She tried to think of ways to make the people like her better, but she could not. It was only when Kwahu was beside her that she felt at ease.

She and Kwahu watched Tabo and the boys as they hurried off to their house building early each morning. Some of the boys smoothed the roughest

parts of the building stones ; others rolled them close to where Tabo and others laboriously lifted them into place ; still others made mortar or plaster by mixing earth with water and all enjoyed the novelty of the work. When the walls were eight feet high, the men lifted the long pine tree trunks, from which the boys had stripped the bark, up to the tops of the walls and placed them in position, about two feet



apart. They rested on the side walls, protruding a little at each end. Across these and parallel to the side walls, the boys placed small boughs about one foot apart, and over these again, in the opposite direction, they piled reeds, small boughs and twigs as close together as they could place them. Then they covered the whole roof with a thick layer of the mud plaster and, when that was thoroughly dry, they piled loose earth upon it and trod the earth down as hard as possible with their feet. A low coping was built all around the roof to prevent the earth from being blown away or washed down by the rains.



The roof and the walls, with two narrow oblong

openings high up for ventilation, being finished, the boys selected flat stones for the floor and then enlisted the services of the women who filled in the crevices between them with their mud mortar and plastered the walls in the same way.

In one corner a fireplace was built with a hood or chimney that reached from within three feet of the floor to a small opening in the roof. Beside this Tabo placed a thin flat slab of sandstone which he had rubbed until it was quite level and smooth. It was placed with the corners resting upon small stones that raised it about seven or eight inches above the floor. This was the stone upon which Ala would cook the piki, or paper bread, and was raised so that a fire could be built under it. When the cornmeal batter was deftly spread in a thin layer upon it with the hand, the heated stone would cook it almost instantly.

When the boys had put the finishing touches on the house, Tabo secured four feathers that had been taken from the eagle that Kwahu had killed as a boy. He prepared them as Kokop had prepared those that were placed under the four corner stones.

Then he tied all four of them to a short twig which he attached to the roof beams.

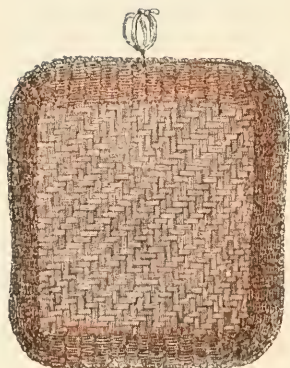
The next day, Tabo, walking proudly in front of old Acmo, the men, and the boys, led them to the new house. Everybody inspected it inside and outside. Then old Acmo drew a line with meal in front of the doorway to indicate that it was not to be entered until Kwahu and Ala had taken possession. As he turned, with the others, to go back to the village he said :

“It is well built and will last. It is big enough for two. When the family grows, another room can be built in front of this one and also one on top.”



CHAPTER XVII

THE TELLING OF TALES



A FEW days later a crier mounted the roof of a house on the upper tier and in a loud voice announced that on a certain day the cotton for Ala's bridal costume would be spun in the kivas. This announcement served as an invitation to the friends of the young couple to help in the spinning. Just after breakfast on the appointed day the men assembled in the kivas of the societies to which they belonged and were soon busy carding and spinning the cotton provided by Kwahu's parents. Part of the time, as they worked, they gossiped and joked about the affairs of the village, and for one whole afternoon old Acmo served as an entertainer and told them tales of his youthful adventures or recited

to them some of the myths of the tribe that had been handed down to him by word of mouth by his grandfather who had heard them from his grandfather.

One of the tales he told them was as follows:

“A long time ago Poökong and his little brother Balo lived in Awatobi. One day they heard that two beautiful maidens were watching some fields close to Walpi. These two brothers decided that they would go hunting and at the same time try to meet these two beautiful maidens. When they arrived here the two beautiful maidens were just starting up the trail to the top of the mesa to their home. They were sisters, and they invited Poökong and Balo to go with them. They gave the brothers piñon nuts and piki to eat, and laughed and joked with them, teasing them a great deal because they believed that the brothers had come here to Walpi to marry them. Finally they said to Poökong and Balo that they would marry them, if the brothers would let them cut an arm off of each.

“‘If you do not die, you shall then marry us and own us.’

“The younger brother, Balo, was at once willing, saying to Poökong :

“‘They are very beautiful. Let us not be afraid to have an arm cut off.’

“The elder brother hesitated, saying that it would hurt. But Balo said, ‘I am willing,’ and laid his arm over the edge of the mealing trough at which the maidens had been grinding corn. Then one of the maidens struck his arm a great blow with the sharp edge of a mealing or grinding stone and cut it off, the arm falling to the floor.

“Balo’s elder brother then at once placed his arm over the edge of the trough, and the other maiden also cut off his arm with her grinding stone. Now the brothers said, together :

“‘If we live, we will come after you. Hand us now our arms that you have cut off.’

“The maidens did so, and the two brothers left, carrying their severed arms. Arriving at their home in Awatobi they told their grandmother what had happened.

“‘There,’ she said, ‘you have been in something again and have done mischief.’

“‘Yes,’ they said, ‘we met two beautiful maidens at Walpi and liked them very much. So we allowed them to cut off our arms; and if we get well again, we are to marry them.’

“‘Very well,’ she said, ‘I will make you right again.’

“So she told them to lie down, and placing the two arms at their sides, she covered them up and began to sing a long low song. When she had finished the song, she told Poökong and Balo to rise. They did so, and found that their arms were back in place and completely healed.

“The next day they proceeded to Walpi, to the home of the maidens, who were surprised to see them fully recovered. The elder of the two sisters was the prettier one, and Poökong wanted to choose that one. Balo objected, saying: ‘Yesterday you were not willing to have your arm cut off, as you were then afraid, and now you want to have the first choice. I had my arm cut off first and now I am going to choose first.’ Poökong consented, and Balo chose the elder sister and the prettier one. Poökong took the other, and they all returned to

Awatobi, where they were married and lived to be very old and always were happy."

It was late in the afternoon when old Acmo finished his story, and soon afterward a young man looked down through the opening in the roof of the kiva and announced that a feast was ready for the spinners in the home of Kwahu's parents. Those in the other kivas were also notified of the feast and soon a throng filled the house. The food was served in large and small bowls and baskets on the clean floor. The visitors ate first and the family later. Nothing was left.

The next day the spinners returned to their work, and the medicine-man took old Acmo's place as a story-teller. One of the stories that he told was about two maidens who lived in Walpi many, many years before and who were both in love with the same young Indian.

"These two maidens," said the medicine-man, "were close friends at first and used to grind corn together, sometimes at the home of one and sometimes at the home of the other, and at times with the other maidens in the open plaza. But when

they both fell in love with the same young man this led to disagreement and many quarrels between them. They were the Yellow Corn-ear maiden and the Blue Corn-ear maiden. The Yellow Corn-ear maiden was possessed of supernatural powers and decided to destroy her friend and rival.

“Very early one morning they were both going to a spring to get water, each carrying her water vessel. As they were returning, the Yellow Corn-ear maiden suggested that they rest a little while upon a sand hill.

“After some time of resting she said to her rival: ‘Let us now play here for a time. You go down to the bottom of the hill and I will throw something to you. You catch it and throw it back to me.’

“When her rival had gone to the foot of the little hill, the Yellow Corn-ear maiden took from the loin cloth that she wore a very pretty little wheel that had painted on it many of the colors of the rainbow. She threw it at her, but when the Blue Corn-ear maiden tried to catch the wheel it was so heavy that it knocked her down, and when she

arose she found that she had been turned into a coyote by the Yellow Corn-ear maiden's bad magic.

"Then the Yellow Corn-ear maiden at the top of the hill laughed. She picked up her water vessel and called out, 'You have been quarreling with me about that young man, and this is what you get for it. Now you go about that way!'

"The other maiden, now a coyote, felt very sad. She went back to her water vessel and tried to carry it, but she could not in her present form. So she sat down and cried most of the time until evening. After dark she tried to enter the village, but she could not because the dogs drove her off. She walked around to all sides of the village and tried many times to enter, but each time the dogs drove her off. She was very hungry and began to wonder where she could get something to eat. It was in the fall of the year and she remembered that the people who watched the crops built temporary shelters close to the fields at the foot of the mesa. She therefore went in search of one of these, thinking that perhaps she might find food there. She found two ears of roasted corn, which

she ate, and felt much better. She wanted to go to her home but she knew that the dogs would drive her away; so she started off towards a place where she had recently seen the camp of some hunters.

"She found the hut that two hunters had built, but they were away. She went in and ate some of the rabbit meat that she found there. She was very tired, and decided to stay in the hut and rest until evening. In the evening when the two hunters returned, they discovered that a coyote had eaten a part of their supply of rabbit meat. Soon one of them saw the Blue Corn-ear maiden, now a coyote, asleep in a corner of the hut. He wanted to kill her, for he thought she was only an ordinary coyote and had eaten their rabbit meat. With his bow and arrow he was ready to shoot, when the other hunter suggested that they capture the coyote alive and take it home to their grandmother, Spider Woman, as a present. This was agreed to, and the poor coyote was easily captured.

"Arriving at Oraibi they called to their grandmother, Spider Woman, 'See, we have brought

you a live coyote as a present.' When they placed the bound coyote on the floor their grandmother looked very closely at it and said to the two hunters: 'Alas, that poor one. That is no coyote. It is well that you did not kill it. Where did you catch it?' They told her all about it and she then sent one to gather certain herbs and the other to cut some juniper branches.

"While they were gone she boiled some water, and when the hunter returned with the herbs she took two hooked twigs and fastened one in the neck and the other in the back of the coyote. Then, having carried the water outside the house and poured it into a large oddly-shaped vessel with strange figures and designs painted upon it, she placed the coyote in it. She covered the vessel with a piece of deerskin, making holes in it so that the hooked twigs stuck through it. Then, placing her hands upon the deerskin in such a way as to hold the twigs, she chanted a magic song, twisting the twigs from right to left. By that twisting she tore the skin off the coyote. Then she suddenly drew the deerskin cover off of the water vessel and threw it aside with



"THERE, IN THE BIG VESSEL, WAS THE BLUE CORN-EAR
MAIDEN"

the skin of the coyote. There, in the big vessel, was the Blue Corn-ear maiden, just as she had been when the Yellow Corn-ear maiden cast a spell over her. She was clothed in the same way and the whorls in which her hair was dressed were not disordered in the least.

“Spider Woman asked her how she had been changed into a coyote. When the maiden told her, she said: ‘You poor one. That Yellow Corn-ear maiden has treated you very badly. You must have your revenge.’

“When the second hunter returned with the juniper branches, Spider Woman took the maiden, the juniper branches and the water into another room. There she bathed the maiden and gave her some corn which the Blue Corn-ear maiden ground into meal.

“After several days the maiden was told that she should go home now, as her mother was crying for her. The Spider Woman went to the roof of her house and called loudly to the people, telling them that there was somebody that must be taken home. A great many kachinas, or ceremonial dancers and

singers, answered the call, and she told them the whole story.

"The maiden was made to look very pretty. Her hair was put up in fresh whorls; a new white blanket was thrown over her shoulders and she was instructed to tell her father to make several prayer sticks and give them to the leaders of the singing and dancing among the kachinas.

"So the maiden was taken home. Her parents were overjoyed to see her again safe and sound, and the prayer sticks were made by her father and given to the kachinas. She rested all of the first day after her return but early the following morning she went to grind corn, singing a little song which she had made up about her adventures. Soon the bad Yellow Corn-ear maiden heard her song and came to see her.

"Now the Spider Woman had told the Blue Corn-ear maiden what to do and say. So the two ground corn, side by side, all day long, and any one would think that they were still the best of friends.

"In the evening they went together to the same spring to get water. While they were filling their

water vessels the bad Yellow Corn-ear maiden noticed that the other girl was dipping her water with an odd-looking little vessel that the Spider Woman had given to her, and that the water, as she dipped it, looked very beautiful, as though filled with rainbow colors.

“‘What have you there? Let me see that little cup,’ she said.

“‘Yes,’ said the Blue Corn-ear maiden, ‘that is a very pretty cup, and the water tastes good from it, too.’

“Thereupon she drank from it and handed it to the Yellow Corn-ear maiden, who also drank from it and immediately fell down and became a snake.

“‘There, now, you may remain as you are,’ the Blue Corn-ear maiden said. ‘You tried to destroy me, but you will have to keep the shape which you now have because, being now a snake, no one will pick you up and restore you.’

“So saying, she filled her water vessel, laughed, and went back to the village.

“The snake left the place and wandered around. It got very hungry but, as it could not move fast,

it had a great deal of trouble in catching the rabbits, squirrels, and small birds which formed its food.

"The Blue Corn-ear maiden was afterwards married to the young man of her choice; but this bad Yellow Corn-ear maiden, in the form of a snake, was found crawling about the village and was killed."

When the medicine-man had finished telling his tale the others sat silent for a long time, nodding their heads slowly and thinking it over. Then one said :

"It is well told. You gave strength and speed to our hands."

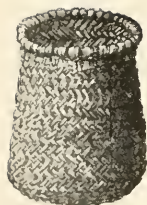
After a pause another rose and said :

"The cotton is ready. Let us go now to the other kivas and see what they have done."

So they climbed up the ladder to the plaza, and going to the different kivas learned that the others had finished their work. All the cotton was ready. It was taken to the home of Kwahu, and many days later the work of making it into a costume which Ala would wear and carry with her wrapped up in a mat of reeds when she went back to her own, was finished.

CHAPTER XVIII

UNREST AND DANGER



KWAHU'S father, Kokop the chief, had set aside a house on the second tier for the use of the young married couple until such time as they were ready to go to the new house. On the morning of the day after the completed bridal outfit had been presented to Ala, all the people of the village gathered where they could watch Ala during the final ceremony of the long marriage celebration. It was on that morning that her "going home" was to take place. When the time arrived, all the young women who had been married during the year put on their wedding blankets in honor of the new bride and joined the group of watchers.

When Ala appeared in the doorway of Kwahu's mother's house, shortly before sunrise, she wore one of her ceremonial wedding blankets. It was white, with a red and blue border, and was passed over her

right shoulder and under her left arm where the edges were sewed together with threads of yucca fiber. Around her loins she wore a loose, short garment of plain blue cotton, and on her feet she wore the ceremonial deerskin moccasins with deer-skin leggings attached. Her arms were stretched out straight in front, and in her hands she carried another and larger ceremonial blanket and a white sash with long knotted fringes at each end, both of which articles were rolled up in a mat of reeds, with the sash fringes hanging out at one end.

She walked slowly and quite alone to the doorway of her temporary home, paying no attention to the lookers-on. At the doorway she was met by her mother, who greeted her with the words, "Thanks that you have come." Ala then took off her ceremonial bridal blanket and her bridal moccasins, and the wedding celebration was over. Later in the day Kwahu joined her.



During many days that followed Ala went with Kwahu to their little field at the foot of the mesa

and watched as he prepared the ground for the planting of corn; she ground the corn in their home; she prepared their meals, and did the hardest



work that a Hopi woman does, that of carrying water from a distant spring in a large water vessel of clay which held almost three gallons. There was water running through a narrow, shallow groove hollowed out

across the center of the plaza; but that ran from a large reservoir built on the highest point of the mesa top to catch the rainwater, and was used in the village only for washing clothing. All the water for drinking and cooking purposes had to be carried from the spring.

Kwahu spent most of his time hunting, loafing in a kiva, or sitting in the doorway of their house watching Ala at her work. As he watched her, he noticed that often she would stop and place her grinding stone upon her knees while her gaze wandered past him towards the point in the distance where the sky and the earth seemed to meet. He wondered what her thoughts were.

One day when he spoke to her, as she sat idly dreaming, she started in apparent alarm, and he noticed a shrinking fear in her eyes.

"You are unhappy," he said.

"No," she answered after a pause, and returned quickly to her grinding.

"You are unhappy," he repeated, "and I must know why it is so."

Ala left her work and stepped to the doorway beside him. His arm slipped gently across her shoulder as he said:

"Tell me."

Ala looked up into his eyes and found that they were filled with anxiety and also with that wonderful look which always gave her comfort and strength. Then she smiled a wistful little smile and said:

"Your people, these houses, the great dance rock, the spring and the bowlders, belong here, and your people know that they belong here and are glad to see them. I cannot feel that I belong here, nor can I feel that your people think that I belong here; and so I am not at peace."

"It is not well that you should" — began Kwahu, but she quickly interrupted him.

"My husband," she said very seriously, "should not believe that I am complaining. You are always good to me, and your people are good to me, but I feel strange like the cub of a mountain lion that wanders into a cave which is not the cave of his parents."

Kwahu pondered for a long time over what Ala had said. Then he put one of his thoughts into words.

"Tell me. Has any one said to you that which ought not to be said?"

"No, no," Ala hastened to tell him. "It is only that there is a feeling about me like a blanket that is wet with the rain, and that I cannot throw off."

He drew her towards him and took her hand.

"The light of the sun is no longer reflected in your eyes, your lips no longer form the smile that puts gladness in my heart and your step is no longer light like that of the fawn. I wish you to be as you were. Can I drive away this feeling?"

"You can, if you will," she answered.

"I will," Kwahu said quickly; "only tell me how and it will be done."

"You are not speaking this to me only to soothe me as the mothers sing the Puva Puva to the baby that frets?" she asked, while hope and fear struggled in her eyes.

"What I say to you I will do, I will do, always."

Ala drew him quickly into the house so that nobody who passed could hear her request.

"Let us go away somewhere, not for a day, but for many days, and be alone. You can hunt, and I will make much piki and carry it with water and other food and fire sticks and blankets. You built a shelter in the woods where you first found me. So can we do the same again wherever we may be. You shall only hunt. All the work, I will do."

Kwahu could see how very much she wished it, and although it seemed a strange idea, he said that they would start before the sun rose in the morning.

Then the smile that he had longed to see returned to Ala's lips and he was happy as he sat again in the doorway, mending his bows and arrows and listening to her as she sang at her work of making

piki and gathering together the things that she would take.

Long before it was light in the east the next morning, Ala arose noiselessly and went to the spring with two large water bags made of the skins of young antelope. When she returned Kwahu was awake. They ate a hearty meal and without delay started off towards the head of the steep trail. Kwahu carried two bows and a deerskin quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder, as well as a rabbit stick of heavy wood made like a boomerang. Ala carried a pack containing blankets and food and the two water bags. Her burden was heavy but she ran along beside her husband as if she carried only the weight of an eagle's feather.

As they were about to start down the trail, they met old Acmo.

"You start early and without warning," he said.

"We go to hunt together," answered Ala.

Kwahu stayed to talk with the old man as Ala went ahead. He told him all that Ala had said, and added that they would not be gone long.

Old Acmo looked from one to the other and then,

linking his arm in Kwahu's, walked slowly up and down the path for several moments before he spoke.

"It is well," he said, finally. "Go ; travel a distance to the north. You will find food, and you can build a shelter as do the Navahos. Do not start back until she asks you to, and then travel slowly. She will then grow tired and will welcome the return to our village ; and the people of the village will be looking for her sunny face and be glad to see it again."

Kwahu understood the wisdom of the old man's advice, and nodded his obedience, as he followed after Ala.

They traversed the eastern projection of the mesa for an hour, when Kwahu pointed down to where there nestled a group of stone houses on a terrace close to the top.

"There," he said, "live the people of Sikyatki. They are not of our people, nor of your people, and they are not friendly. They plant their corn on land that is ours, and when the small crops that they grow are not enough, they steal from our fields. Evil will come of it."

That night they camped close to a little clump of stunted trees and sage brush on the desert. They built a hogán as the Navahos did, trimming three branches each with a crotch at one end and placing the crotched ends together and fastening them into a tripod. Over this they threw small branches and twigs and covered them with some of their blankets.

Just before sunset on the second day they came to a low, irregular hill, which they climbed. When they reached the top they found that the whole hill was hollow, like the crater of a volcano, and that there was a great well of water down in the middle. They were both tired and thirsty, and the sight of the well was welcome; but at first there seemed to be no way of climbing down to it, the walls of the inside of the hollow hill being almost perpendicular. At last Kwahu found a place on the easterly side where he managed to climb down. He tasted the water and it was sweet. Suddenly, as Ala watched him, he disappeared as if swallowed up by the earth. She called to him in fright, and soon he reappeared and beckoned to her to join him. When she reached

the bottom, Kwahu showed her a cave that he had discovered near the edge of the well. It was dry and large enough for them to sleep in comfortably; and there they stayed that night.

At dusk on the second day in the hollow hill Ala climbed alone to the rim to look about. She sat there for a long time looking off in the direction of Walpi and was about to start down when she happened to look towards the north. What she saw at first merely startled her, but almost instantly she realized what it meant and called frantically to Kwahu to join her.

"See!" she said, as he reached the rim, "off there are camp fires. They must be camp fires of the Utes, and they would not be so far south unless they were on the warpath against our people. We must hurry back to Walpi and warn your father!"

Kwahu saw the distant camp fires and knew what they meant. Ala was right.

"I will go closer to the Utes and see if they are painted for war. They may be on a long hunt."

Ala protested, saying she felt sure the Utes were painted for war.

"It would not be well for the son of a chief to carry bad news that is not true to his village. I would be jeered and pointed at."

"You are right," said Ala. "Go, and when you return I shall be ready to start home. I shall now go for your bows and arrows."

She ran into the cave where they had slept and when she returned she had Kwahu's bows and arrows and her pack of food and blankets.

Handing one bow and several arrows to her, Kwahu said: "If I have not returned when the moon rises, go home and tell them what you know."

Before she could answer, he had started. She sat and watched him dodging from one shelter to another until he was hidden by the darkness. It was hard to wait alone in the dark, when she knew that if the Utes discovered him he might never return. It was the first time he had faced serious danger, and while she was proud that he was facing it without hesitation, she wished that it had not been necessary.

As the hours grew later, the stars disappeared from the heavens and, in the inky blackness of the

night, she fancied that she saw great birds of evil omen reach out with thin, sharp talons to grasp her. The faint call of a coyote was borne to her from a distance; an owl hooted from his nest among the rocks of the hollow hill behind her; a snake rustled the dried grass near her; and a stone, loosened by her restless feet, rolled down with sharp noise until it fell with a splash into the great well. She wanted to scream in her fright, but her Indian nature helped her to be brave, although her body trembled and her flesh was cold.

When she found it impossible longer to obey her husband's command to wait, she began to arrange her pack and gather up the bow and arrows to follow him. Then the stars appeared again in the heavens as suddenly as they had disappeared.

"It is a good omen," she whispered, half aloud.

She drew her blankets more closely around her and faced the trail that Kwahu had taken. The stars seemed friendly and gave her new courage. Soon the yellow rim of the rising moon riveted her attention. Kwahu had told her, she remembered, that if he did not return before the moon had risen

she was to go alone to Walpi and warn Kokop. As she watched the moon grow larger and brighter, her mind was divided between going in search of her husband and going direct to Walpi. She argued with herself that if she went to Walpi and saved all the people from an unexpected attack by the Utes, she would not be helping Kwahu, who was more to her than all of his people. She glanced again at the moon and determined to go in search of her husband.

Then she heard her name called, softly and cautiously. All the fear that gripped her, all the terror of the night, departed. Into her body new life was breathed, but she answered only one word.

“Husband !”

“Come !” he whispered.

Never had a voice sounded sweeter to her ears ; never had her whole body quivered so eagerly to obey a command.

She slipped quickly down the side of the hill and stood very close to him, her body resting against his as she looked into his eyes.

“You are here,” she said.

"I am here," he replied. "The Utes are painted, and they are many."

"Yes," she whispered, "but you, my husband, have come. That is all that matters."

Kwahu looked down into her troubled eyes, removed her pack from her back, and placed it upon his own.

"We must hurry," he said. "The danger to Walpi is great."

"Travel as fast as you wish," she said, "I will not tire."

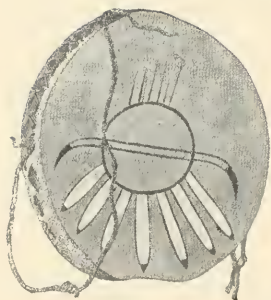
Kwahu told her of the Utes, of their numbers, of their weapons, and of the part he hoped to take in the defense of Walpi, and Ala told him of her thoughts as she had waited.

Despite the dangers that threatened them, they were happy; and they talked of their happiness as they hurried on towards Walpi.



CHAPTER XIX

A BATTLE AT WALPI



ALL night, guided by the stars and aided by the dim light of the moon, Kwahu and Ala traveled at top speed towards Walpi, stopping only occasionally to rest. Not only was the journey a long one across the trackless, sandy, rock-strewn waste, but it was full of possible danger. While they knew that every step was taking them farther from the main war party of Utes, they did not know at what time they might see or be seen by a possible body of scouts who might be anywhere between them and Walpi. The necessity for extreme caution kept their nerves keyed to a high tension, so that when they halted in the shelter of some scrubby sagebrush, just as the gray of early dawn was spreading over the eastern horizon, they were both worn out.

As they lay stretched at full length upon the ground Ala's watchful eyes saw a slight movement in another clump of sagebrush a little ahead. Waiting until she was quite sure that it was not caused by the faint early morning breeze, she reached out cautiously and touched Kwahu upon the arm. Kwahu did not start or speak. Her hand touched him so lightly at first and then instantly her fingers tightened so warningly that he knew she had discovered danger. She moved noiselessly closer to the young warrior and whispered in his ear.

"Under a bush ahead of us is something alive," she said.

Together they watched patiently for what seemed a long time, Kwahu in the meantime slipping several arrows from their sheath and fixing one to his bow. At length they caught a glimpse of the back of the head of an Indian, and from the arrangement of the three short feathers upon it, they knew that it was a Ute scout. The head dropped out of sight as quickly as it had appeared, and again they waited. Soon they saw the head rise again above the bush, and immediately Kwahu shot an arrow.



"THEY SAW THE ARROW STRIKE ITS MARK"

They saw the arrow strike its mark. The Ute's head disappeared. For a time there was no movement in the sage; then there was a convulsive shaking of the bush, and they saw a hand reach out from its shelter, clutch the ground, and then lie motionless. For a long time Kwahu and Ala intently watched that hand. It did not move, and when they were sure that its stillness meant death and was not a trick, they crept cautiously from their hiding place. The Ute scout was dead.

Kwahu took the scalp and fastened it to his belt. Then he and Ala carefully examined the ground near the bush. They found many footprints, but while some matched the moccasins of the dead Ute, which had a small hole in one sole, the others had been made by an Indian whose moccasins were new. Convinced then that there had been at least one other Ute with the one that Kwahu had killed, they were in doubt as to whether the dead scout had been traveling towards Walpi or had been on his way back to his main war party.

The other Ute, or possibly several others, might be ahead of them towards Walpi, or they might be

behind them. Kwahu and Ala looked in all directions, but could see no signs of an enemy. They crawled on hands and knees to the shelter of a group of small bowlders some distance ahead. There they consulted long and seriously upon the best course to be taken. Ala was brave and a good scout herself, and it was finally decided that they would separate but keep within calling distance of each other and thus reduce the chance of being discovered and also increase the chance of quickly spying out any other enemies that might be in their path.

Sometimes crawling flat on their bodies, sometimes creeping on hands and knees, and sometimes dashing crouched from bush to bush or from bowlder to bowlder, the two worked their way as rapidly as possible in the growing morning light towards Walpi.

As the sun, fiery in its rapidly spreading glow, rose slowly and drove back the last vestige of night, both Kwahu and Ala turned their heads towards it and breathed a morning prayer for strength to reach Walpi in time. Both were tired almost to the point of exhaustion, and both were scratched, bruised, and

bleeding. The journey that they had made leisurely and happily in two full days, they were now trying to retrace in half the time under great strain and anxiety.

At length the full light of the new day showed them the grim outlines of the mesa of Walpi in the distance. They had hidden their blankets, the pack of food, and the empty water bags, and each carried now only a bow and arrows. As Ala was resting near a clump of brush, an arrow fell on the sand in front of her. She was startled, but lay perfectly still. She looked at the arrow, and her fears subsided, for she recognized it as one that she had made for Kwahu. He was signaling to her in that way, not daring to call to her. Soon her eyes found him, hidden some distance to her right. Seeing that she had located him, he waved to her to come to him; and when she had reached his side they held another consultation. Finally they decided that they could now safely run the rest of the way to Walpi boldly in the open, for the Ute scouts would surely have long since returned to their camp to report what they had discovered.

The sun was high in the heavens when they reached the foot of the steep trail to Walpi. They looked up to the top of the mesa; but all the people had sought shelter from the fierce rays of the sun, and no one was near the mesa's edge to look down and see them.

They had almost ended their exciting and painful journey, and now they found themselves so weak that the ascent of the steep, rough path to the mesa top seemed a physical impossibility. They called, but the breeze wafted the sound of their weak voices off to the north, and they might as well have whispered.

"We must not fail now," said Kwahu.

"We will not fail," answered Ala. "You have eased my feet at a sacrifice of your own strength so that now I will be strong enough, after a short rest, to climb the trail."

"No," answered Kwahu, "I still have strength, and in a little while we will climb it together."

So it was that Kokop, looking over the edge of the mesa a short time afterward, saw the two climbing up, slowly and painfully on hands and knees, one helping the other.

Many hurried down with Kokop to where Kwahu and Ala were resting, and many willing hands assisted and half carried them to the top.

In the home of Kokop they were given food and drink before they were permitted to talk.

"I must speak," insisted Kwahu. "The Utes. There is much danger. They are —"

His voice failed, and for a few moments he lay back on the pile of antelope skins pointing feebly towards the northeast.

Kokop kneeled beside him, anxious but patient.

"Ala discovered them," Kwahu resumed, when his strength returned. "They are many and painted for war."

"See!" said Ala, proudly pointing to the scalp that hung at Kwahu's belt, "Kwahu killed one of their scouts."

Little by little the story of the Utes and of the adventures of Kwahu and Ala was told. Kokop summoned the warriors to the kiva of the Warrior Society, and a council was held. It was decided that the Utes would probably make their attack just before dawn of the following morning, when

they would suppose that all in Walpi were asleep. The warriors were divided into two parties for defense. Kokop announced that he would lead one party and that Kwahu, having earned the right, would lead the other party.

Bows and arrows were examined and repaired; many large and small bowlders and heavy rocks were rolled or carried to the edges of the mesa close to the top of the main trail and near the only other possible point of ascent, to the north. All that afternoon, and far into the night, the Walpi warriors worked. Then Kokop ordered all to sleep except a few who were placed on guard against a possible surprise and others who were hurried to the other Hopi villages for help.

Two of these sentries, hurrying from opposite directions, reached the home of Kokop just as the black of the sky was turning gray. Each informed him that he had discovered a party of the Utes, one party grouped on a ledge close to the foot of the main trail on the eastern side of the mesa, and one laboriously trying to scale the almost perpendicular wall at the north. Kokop immediately summoned the

warriors of Walpi, and in two groups they hurried to the positions previously assigned to them. Kokop took with him the medicine-man and more than half of the warriors to the head of the main trail, while Kwahu, with old Acmo, led his smaller party to the north end of the mesa.

In the semidarkness of the early morning the Utes, far below, looked like gnomes or evil spirits of the night. Their dark forms seemed shadows and threateningly mysterious as they crept silently from one protecting rock to another in their slow ascent. Preferring peace, but determined that the fight which was about to be forced upon him should not only result in a victory, but should also prove a warning against other possible similar attacks, Kokop was unwilling merely to repulse the enemy. He wanted to kill as many as possible. He therefore waited until the Utes, confident that the people of Walpi were still asleep, had almost reached the mesa top; and then he sounded the war cry which was the signal for his warriors to attack the invaders.

His cry was echoed by the party guarding the north end of the mesa, and before the Utes had re-

covered from their surprise, Kokop's men and Kwahu's men had rolled the heavy bowlders down upon them. The Utes outnumbered all the inhabitants of Walpi. It was the largest war party that had ever been sent to overcome the Place of the Gap, as Walpi was known among the Indians. The bowlders, descending with terrible force upon them, killed many outright and disabled many others, sending some tumbling down the steep sides of the mesa. Undismayed, however, by the surprise and the sudden thinning of their ranks, the Utes answered the Walpi warriors' war cries and, instead of retreating, scrambled with desperate haste up the short remaining distance to the top of the mesa. Although several were killed in this wild charge, a few succeeded in reaching the plateau.

With stone tomahawks and wooden clubs, the Walpi warriors met them. There was not now room between the fighting Indians to draw a bow, and the conflict became hand to hand. Hand weapons, bare hands, knees, feet, and heads were used. Kokop led his party fiercely, furiously, and soon his rallying war cry urged his followers on to victory.

At the north end of the mesa Kwahu, with old Acmo always close at his side, was fighting bravely. The warriors with him, many of them much older than he, accepted his leadership and obeyed his orders without question. The unused trail he had been sent to guard was considered comparatively safe from successful assault because it was so steep and rocky; nevertheless, a large number of Utes had succeeded in reaching a point near the top before Kwahu and his men heard Kokop's battle signal and rolled their boulders down upon their enemy. On the main trail there were few places that afforded substantial protection from the descending boulders, but on the north trail many jutting rocks and heavy ledges served somewhat to shelter the Utes, and in many cases the boulders struck the jutting rocks or ledges and bounced off into the air, passing in harmless curves over the heads of the climbers. When his supply of boulders and stones was exhausted, Kwahu directed his warriors to lie flat upon the mesa top close to the edge and use their bows and arrows, but the light was so dim and the protecting rocks in the trail so plentiful that,

by cunning, strength, and daring courage, many of the Utes reached the mesa top.

Kwahu, with a heavy wooden club in each hand, met the first Ute and with a crushing blow on the head sent him reeling to the edge, where, losing his balance, he toppled over and rolled to the bottom. Kwahu fought with hands and feet, and another and another fell, stunned by his simple weapons. But where one enemy fell, two seemed to rise above the edge of the mesa, and the fight was uneven.

Old Acmo fought feebly but unswervingly beside Kwahu. His memory of previous battles in which he had been a leader gave some strength to his arms, but his blows lacked force, his feet lacked nimbleness, and soon he was struck down by a young Ute. Kwahu saw him fall, and ran to him. Before the old man could speak, three Utes rushed upon Kwahu. He planted his feet astride the fallen body of old Acmo, and met the three Utes with a yell of defiance and vicious blows of his clubs. Two he felled, but the third was upon him before he could strike again, and the young man was knocked to his knees beside old Acmo. Before he could recover, a kick sprawled

him upon his back and in an instant a powerfully built Ute was upon him, fighting for a death clutch upon his throat.

Lithe and nimble though he was, Kwahu was no match for the stronger Ute, and as they rolled and scrambled wildly over the rough stones in their life and death struggle, Kwahu felt his strength rapidly leaving him. With a sudden twist of his body, the Ute rolled Kwahu over upon his back and pinned him securely there with one knee in the pit of his stomach. The younger warrior's muscles slowly relaxed; his breath came in short, painful gasps; and strange red and black specks danced before his eyes. His right hand dropped weakly to his side, but in falling it touched something hard sticking in the belt of the Ute. A flash of thought told Kwahu that it was a flint scalping knife, and with a last desperate effort he summoned all his remaining strength, snatched the knife, and plunged it deep in the side of the Ute.

He had not enough strength to strike a second blow.

A dozen paces away his warriors were fighting

with the wild desperation of men seemingly doomed to defeat when Kokop, followed by the main party of Walpi warriors, rushed to their rescue. With a roar like that of a wounded mountain lion Kokop hurled himself upon the group of almost victorious Utes. With both hands he wielded a great stone ax with terrible effect. No Ute struck by it rose again, but lay quiet where he fell with crushed skull or broken back. Even as he fought, Kokop's eyes sought for his son, and he called his name. Neither seeing him nor hearing his answering call, the chief's fears for Kwahu drove him into a fighting frenzy that distorted his face into terrifying lines and gave such strength to his great arms that he became for the time an invincible human engine of destruction. His one idea was to take a terrible and full revenge for the supposed loss of his son; and the Utes, frightened and awed by his appearance, stopped fighting and fled as from an evil spirit.

As the last of the Utes half scrambled and half threw himself over the edge of the mesa in retreat, Kokop hurled his great stone ax after him and turned sorrowfully to search for signs of Kwahu.

Close to the edge of the mesa Kokop found old Acmo, mortally wounded, but alive. Beside him lay the dead body of a once powerful Ute face down upon another Indian. Kokop rolled the body of the Ute away so that he might kneel beside old Acmo, and as he did so, he saw that the other Indian was Kwahu.

The cry that escaped the chief's lips voiced the most fervent prayer of his long life. With a movement like that of a bear suddenly snatching her cub from danger, Kokop seized Kwahu in his arms and strode homeward.

Others built a rough litter and carried old Acmo gently to the village. As he lay on a pile of skins in the home of Kokop he beckoned weakly to the chief and the warriors who filled the small room. They gathered close around him. Kwahu, now thoroughly revived, though smarting with his wounds, knelt beside the old man. Reaching out feebly until his hand rested upon Kwahu's knee, the old man said:

"I go soon to join the Lost Others, but I leave a message. Honor the brave, even when their years

are few. Kwahu all but died fighting to save me when I fell. Honor the youth and —”

The warriors leaned down to catch his words, but the voice of the old man faded away to a meaningless murmur, and he lay back, exhausted by his last effort to carry his teachings to the grave.

Kokop, Kwahu, and the warriors filed slowly out of the chief's house, and left the old man to the care of the women.



CHAPTER XX

AN INDIAN REVENGE



ALA sat with Kwahu and his mother beside the pile of skins upon which old Acmo lay; and when the aged man died, she helped to prepare him for burial. A clean blanket was placed upon the floor, and the body was lifted by Kwahu and his mother from the pile of skins and placed upon it. While Ala made a tuft of feathers and corn husks which she tied together with thin strips of yucca fiber and fastened to his hair in front, Kwahu and his mother covered the face with a thin layer of cotton cloth "to hide himself in." This had openings cut in it for the eyes and for the nose and was fastened on with a string that passed across the forehead and was tied at the back of the head. Next they painted black marks under the eyes, upon the lips, forehead, palms of the hands'

and the soles of the feet to indicate their further uselessness. The body was then wrapped in several blankets and securely tied.

Just as night cast its cloak of darkness around the village, like death shutting out the light of life, Kwahu lifted the body of old Acmo to his back and started down the trail to a burial place that had been selected a short way down the mesa in a crevice in the rocks. He was followed by all the men of the village and by most of the women. The trail was very steep, and the good footholds few, so that many times Kwahu with his heavy burden had to be supported and assisted over the worse places; and it was always Ala who was closest to him to help him.

Reaching the crevice grave, the body was placed in it in a sitting position with the face towards the east. Beside the body were placed Acmo's insignia of office, his personal fetishes, bowls of food, and a gourd of water; small portions of green, red, yellow, and white paint in shallow, saucer-like bowls; arrowheads, his bow and arrows in their deerskin quiver; small stones that in shape resembled animals and birds; a piece of quartz crystal, and a flat green

prayer stick with butterflies crudely painted on it in black.

The crevice grave was then covered with earth and small stones, and a large flat stone was placed on top. The large stone had a small round hole in its center in order that the soul might escape.

As the mourners started back to the village at the top of the mesa, Tabo's mother appeared suddenly at the head of the trail and started towards them, screaming and beckoning frantically to them to hurry.

When the men met her, she was too excited to speak. She stood pointing up to the mesa top, beating her forehead with her open hands and wailing. Ala and Kwahu's mother finally calmed her, and she told them that in the absence of all the men at the burial, a party of warriors from the village of Sikyatki had suddenly appeared in Walpi and had killed Buli, her daughter, stolen corn and food, blankets and bows, and ill treated the women. She said that she had been sitting in Kokop's house and that many arrows were shot in through the doorway as the Sikyatki warriors ran past, and that one of these had killed Buli.

Ala and Kwahu's mother helped Buli's mother along and tried to comfort her while the men hurried up the trail, Kwahu well in the lead. They found the women and girls of the village huddled together in one of the kivas and on all sides signs of the visit of the Sikyatki warriors. Buli the Butterfly was dead, and Tabo could nowhere be found. One of the frightened small boys at last told Kwahu that Tabo had shot at the warriors, and had been beaten by them and carried off.

Kokop summoned all the men to the warrior kiva. When they had seated themselves in a semicircle on one side, he stepped to the clear space opposite.

"The warriors of Sikyatki have done much evil. They are not of our people, but we have ever been friendly to them. They have planted on land that is ours, and we have done nothing; they have stolen from our fields, and we have done nothing; but now they have robbed our village and killed one of our children, and they must be punished. They and their village must be destroyed. I have spoken."

In the heart of each man there burned a fierce

desire for vengeance, but only the sudden tightening of the muscles of their necks and faces, or the clinching of their hands, betokened their feelings. They all waited, silent, for Kokop to direct them.

"Go," he said at last. "Go to your homes and paint for war. Sharpen your arrow points and mend your bows. Let each one gather into a loose ball a quantity of dry grass or shredded cedar bark, and let those who can do so bring many of the red peppers that bite and blind."

Kwahu was the first to reach the top of the ladder. He was followed in mad haste by the others, all intent upon preparing for their vengeance. As he stepped from the opening of the kiva it was dark, but he saw Tabo limping towards him. He ran to meet him.

"You are here," he said in surprise. "How did you come? They said you had been carried off."

"I am here," answered Tabo, and his face twitched with the pain of his leg, which was sprained. "I am here because I crawled away while they were dancing and singing over their victory. I came to tell you what I know."

As he talked, the other men of Walpi gathered around him.

"What is it that you know?" asked Kwahu.

"It is that to-night at Sikyatki they end one of their ceremonies with secret rites in the kivas, and with the rising of the sun they will again come here."

Kwahu picked Tabo up and carried him to his mother, who stopped moaning over the body of Buli the Butterfly to welcome her son as from the dead. Then Kwahu hurried to his own temporary home and prepared for what was to be done that night.

He whitened his legs with clay and stained his body with red mud. Then he examined his bows, filled his quiver with arrows, making sure that the arrow points were sharp and securely fastened with sinew. From the wall he took down a fine wolfskin, the skin of Kwewe the wolf, that he had killed when a boy. This he fastened around his loins to impart to him the swiftness and sagacity of that dreaded animal.

Ala sat huddled in one corner, watching him. When he was ready she went to him as he stood



"THUS ALL THE MEN OF SIKYATKI PERISHED"

looking down at the dim figures of the warriors gathering in the plaza. Her heart was heavy. She remembered how, only a short time before, she had watched him go off into the darkness and danger to spy upon the camp of the Utes. She did not want him to go now, but she knew that he ought to go, and she said simply, as she placed her hand upon his arm:

“Wear this. It is a fetish for both of us.”

As she spoke, she took from her arm the bracelet of shells and stones that he had given her the day when they met in the woods for the first time. He fastened it on his wrist. Then he left her.

Silently Kokop led the warriors towards Sikyatki. Kwahu walked at his side. Close to the village they stopped and waited until just before the gray of dawn. They knew that their enemies, after the sacred rites had been performed, would sleep in the kivas, as was the custom.

At a signal from Kokop the warriors of Walpi ran, quickly and silently, to the kivas and drew up the ladders that led down into them, thus making prisoners of all of the men of Sikyatki, for there was

no way of escape from the kivas except through the holes in the roofs. Many arrows were shot down into the kivas, and then the men of Walpi lighted the balls of shredded cedar bark and the pine twigs, full of pitch, that they had brought with them, and threw them into the kivas. Afterwards, they threw down many armfuls of dried red peppers and closed the openings. Soon the roofs of the kivas, being supported by logs and dry branches like the roofs of the houses, took fire and fell in. And thus all the men of Sikyatki perished.

CHAPTER XXI

HAPPY



WHILE the warriors of Walpi were destroying the men in the kivas, the women and girls of Sikyatki hastily gathered up their few belongings and fled to the north. Some of the Walpi warriors wanted to pursue them and take them as captives back to their village, but Kokop would not permit them to do so. Nevertheless he ordered that the houses should be destroyed, and he permitted his warriors to carry back to Walpi such plunder as they could find.

Upon the roof of the highest house in Walpi, Ala had sat during the entire night watching for the return of Kwahu. When she saw him, walking with his father in the lead of the returning warriors, she hurried to their house and prepared a fine morning meal of piki, rabbit stew, a warm broth of mild

herbs, and piñon nuts. At the doorway she met him and relieved him of his weapons, and of the corn, the eagle feathers, and the rabbit-skin blankets which he had brought as his share of the plunder. She motioned him to sit down on the pile of skins she had prepared, and said:

“Thanks that you have come back safe.”

That night many fires were built in the plaza, and the members of the Warrior Society donned their kachina masks. Then, to the weird music of drums and reed pipes, the warriors danced a wild dance in celebration of the destruction of Sikyatki, and the priests chanted droning songs that told the details of the fearful massacre.

Kwahu slept late on the following morning. When he awoke and looked out of the doorway, he saw the boys of the village led by poor lame Tabo waiting patiently for him to appear. Ala soon prepared a generous breakfast, to which all the boys were invited, and when it was finished they went in proud procession to the house which they had built for Ala at the south end of the mesa.

When they reached the new house, Kwahu

stepped a little to one side while the boys gathered around Ala. Tabo was again the spokesman.

"It is finished," he said, "and it is yours."

"It is mine," replied Ala, and her voice trembled. "It is mine, and the last stone shall crumble to dust before I shall forget that you built it for me."

Then she turned to Kwahu.

"I have said that this house is mine, and our laws make it mine, but it shall not be mine alone, Kwahu, it shall be ours."

When the house had been examined and all its details explained by Tabo and the boys, and when it had been duly praised and admired by Ala and Kwahu, they all returned to Ala's temporary home. Then Kwahu gave to each boy a present of an eagle's feather, a turquoise, a bow, an arrow, or some other keepsake that each would prize.

As the stars peeped out of the clear blue sky that night, they looked down upon a young Hopi warrior who stood in the doorway of a new house at the far southerly end of the village of Walpi. His arm was resting gently upon the bare bronze shoulder of a beautiful girl, who looked up into his face with

eyes as clear as the sky and as bright as the stars. He was pointing with his free arm off to the south towards Awatobi, and he was speaking.

"You ask," he said, "why this house was built here. I will tell you. It is because it is here that I kept many lonely vigils gazing off towards where you lived and praying that the gods might give to me what meant more to me than all else."

"And what was that?" asked Ala timidly.

"That, my shy fawn, was you."

"The gifts of the gods do not always bring happiness," said Ala looking down.

"The gods cannot make me more happy than I am now," said Kwahu seriously.

"I too am very happy," said Ala, as she nestled close to him.



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